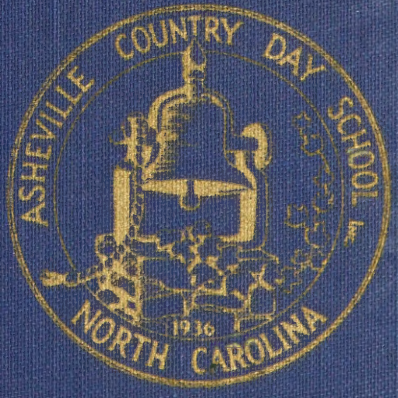
AN UNCOMMON SCHOOL

Asheville Country Day at Fifty

1936-1986



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AN UNCOMMON SCHOOL:
Asheville Country Day at Fifty
1936-1986

by Eileen McCabe

edited by Kitty Dixon

"It is time that we had uncommon schools. . . ."

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

Dedication

To all the members of the Asheville Country Day family and especially to Cabie

Acknowledgments

A book like this could not be without the generous assistance of a number of people.

Doris Hensley researched, proofed, staffed and believed it could be done; Jane Bingham, Emily Carr, Barbara Huger, Janet Kriek, Richard Pandich, Diane Russell, Cornelia Stephens and Simone Tanner shared hours of research; Faye Wright, encouragement; Charles Ledford, photography; Sonna Reinheimer, expertise and support; Patti Shreeve, artistry; Gail Gomez and Bob Henson, layout skills; Joyce Cole, Ruth Cowie, Jackie Gouge, Helen Moore, Sonna Reinheimer, typing; Andrea Haggard, her computer; Louis Buck of Pack Memorial Library, research; and Elaine Meier, Barbara Reid, Jeff Bruce, and Bob Williams of Biltmore Press, professional skills.

I also wish to thank Marshall Abell, Alex Alexander, Ben Baldwin, Bob and Emily Carr, Elspeth Clarke, Erich Cluxton, Ann Fuller Coxe, Gran Childress, Richard Pandich, Nathaniel Saltonstall, and all those who have talked or written to me for sharing their vision of the school; Jeanne Cummings for her research and "traveling all the way"; and Jim Rumrill for his faith.

And finally editor Kitty Dixon down the days for a taut line and wisdom.

* * * * *

Research for this book was based on minutes of the Asheville Country Day Board of Trustees'; catalogs; school newspapers; books; *Focus*, the alumni publication; the *Silhouette*; other school records; the *Asheville Citizen-Times*; library files; and numerous interviews conducted with past and present members of the school family.

Writing of its very nature is a selective process. The parents, teachers and students portrayed in this book have been chosen as symbols of all the precious lives that were or are Asheville Country Day School. I am grateful for the bonds that have been reforged in the writing of this book and for the privilege of knowing those who will guide this school into the future.

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Asheville Country Day Timeline

1936 ACDS founded

1940 Home & School Association founded

1943 Victoria Road School purchased

1945 1st graduation for students completing grades 1-9

1949 ACDS & Hazeltine School merge; the school moves to 789 Merrimon Ave

World Events Timeline

1936 King Edward VIII abdicates to marry Wallace Simpson

1941 U.S. enters World War II

1945 The United Nations Charter is signed in San Francisco by representatives of 50 countries

1949 South Africa: the policy of Apartheid is strengthened as further segregation laws are established

1955 Sir Winston Churchill resigns as Great Britain's Prime Minister. Albert Einstein dies

Preface

Cathedrals are not built by cynics—nor are independent schools.

This precept shines through time and again on the pages of this history. How on earth did we survive to our fiftieth year? Not only survive, but prosper! By faith, determination, volunteerism, willingness to risk all, and the unselfish generosity of many heroes and heroines over the years. A magnificent saga for sure!

In writing this story the challenge is how to capture the immediate as we go to press. Even as we study our past, this history speaks to our future. As this preface is written, Country Day once again has entered into consolidation discussions with St. Genevieve/Gibbons Hall School. History has repeated itself several times over!

This fall the Biltmore Forest Company has indicated their generous intention to deed the old stable property to ACDS, bringing our total campus to some seventeen and one-half acres. A building has been moved onto campus as the future admissions, development and alumni house. And the ultimate gift in the development of our campus is a proposal to raise the entire level of the lower playing field, the side service road, and the stable property six feet or more to the level of the soccer field; the playing fields to be relocated; and the service road redirected; all of these improvements thereby providing ample building area adjacent to the existing school facilities. These two gifts are from the Biltmore Centre Limited Partnership, which consists of individual members of the George Cecil family and Ruddick Investment Company of Charlotte, joint developers of the property immediately across the Hendersonville Road from the school. With the creation of all this area for future construction, one can only wonder what next is in store for the "school of tomorrow, today."

There is one glaring omission in the story of our first fifty years. It is the recognition of its author, Eileen McCabe, who is the former Head of our English Department. Without question, no one else could have captured the spirit of ACDS with such sensitive insights and loving perspectives. Readers who know Eileen will not be surprised by her steadfast refusal to acknowledge her own significant contributions to Country Day. However, her writing stands in eloquent tribute to the talents and devotion of this remarkable lady. She represents the best of Country Day—the faculty. Eileen and her colleagues over the years truly have made Country Day the "Kingdom by the Bell." Without them there would be no purpose in writing this history.

Faithfully,

James K. Rumrill
Headmaster
November, 1986

1958
The Courtyard School at 1345 Hendersonville Rd. is built

1959
The Kitchen Debate between Nixon & Khrushchev

1961
First class of graduating seniors
First Annual Giving Campaign

1963
Alumni Association founded.
First National Merit Finalist

1963
President Kennedy assassinated in Dallas

1969
Neil Armstrong becomes the first man to set foot on the moon

1970
Primary Building Erected

Publication of this History was made possible by the generous support of the following friends of Asheville Country Day and by the Jubilee Year Patrons listed on page 77.

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Asheville Country Day Timeline

1975 — First edition of *Focus*

1979 — 1st Morehead Scholar

1982 — ACDS accredited with the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools

1983 — School Honor Code established

1984 — New Preschool Center opens

1985 — ACDS Endowment Fund Drive initiated

1986 — ACDS at fifty

World Events Timeline

1979 — Industrialized nations begin to awake to the threat of acid rain which is killing vegetation and freshwater life

1982 — The Polish government releases Solidarity leader Lech Walesa

1983 — Barbara McClintock receives the Nobel Prize for her genetic research

1986 — Halley's Comet returns

The Statue of Liberty at one hundred

A N I N V I T A T I O N

Asheville Country Day School is fifty years, six hundred months, or 18,258 days old. Sunny days and rainy days and snow-days. Days of triumph and defeat, of laughter and heartbreak. Even boring days. Days of commitment and truth-seeking—wondrous days of hope and fear and love: precious days wasted or used but always spent—always—stored now only in the memories of the hearts and minds of each of us—the Past-keepers who live in the present and plan for the future.

Past-keepers young and old—in memory can enter the school halls again in a purer sense, can choose a day or days and know again the ebb and flow of lives that is the essence of the school.

It is raining outside. The door swings wide. There are the stairs—there the hall. Through this door is the classroom. It smells of chalk and paste and paper and books. My friends are here. We are together again: "I can't look at everything hard enough. We don't have time to look at one another. It goes so fast. Let's look at one another. . . ." (Thornton Wilder).

This book is the Past-keepers' book in which are recorded some of the occurrences of the 18,258 days of our school—including its roots, growth and flowering. But it is not a book about what was. Past-keepers know—"There is no such thing as *was* because the Past *is*." (William Faulkner).

The door swings wide . . . come in.

Eleanor Stephens and her son George on
the school's first day, September 17, 1936.

THE 1ST DECADE

OUR ROOTS

"What is now proved, was once only imagined . . ."

—William Blake

A drop fell on the apple-tree
Another on the roof
A half a dozen kissed the eaves
And made the gables laugh . . .

—Emily Dickinson

This first is the story of a white house on Victoria Road in Asheville, North Carolina,—a hodge-podge house, part farmhouse and part Victorian townhouse with a wide wrap-around verandah, peaks, turret and a tin roof—and how that house became a school. It is also a story of the people who founded the "Learning House" in the lean post-depression years and nurtured it through the war. But most of all, it is the story of those teachers and students who lived, says Ann Fuller Coxe, *not* in a house but "like a large family in a second home."

In September of 1936, the house stands as unchanging as the tall oaks which have lined its walkway for over fifty years. History's inevitable progression has passed lightly over its rambling exterior: that September Franklin Delano Roosevelt visits Asheville and speaks of the importance of preserving democracy, while at a Nazi Rally in Nürnberg, 800,000 Germans cheer as Hitler proclaims: "The spiritual basis of every anarchy is democracy." Meanwhile the* Asheville Citizen *cautions its readers to "Keep an eye on the Reds"; the year's national deficit is two billion; Spanish Loyalists struggle to hold Madrid; a massive famine is predicted in Ethiopia; Margaret Mitchell's* Gone With the Wind *is a rising bestseller and Thomas Wolfe is to "come home again" the next summer.

On Victoria Road that fall there is a murmured question among the great oaks which shade the old house: "a learning house?" Strangers come and go up its walkway. Something is astir which will change the destiny of the house. Something is astir which will restore to its vacant rooms the vibrancy of life.

* * * * *

In 1936 there were five private schools in Asheville: Christ School and Asheville School, which were boys' boarding schools; St. Genevieve of-the-Pines, a Catholic school for girls; and two non-sectarian day schools, the Grove Park School, operated by the Misses Lillian and Laura Plonk, and Haseltine School, directed by H. A. Haseltine.

It was in the spring of that year that four parents, Margaret and William Dodge and Janet and Evans Baxter, found themselves disenchanted with the Grove Park School, reluctant to enroll their children in the public schools which had been weakened by the Depression, and committed to a non-sectarian education. College graduates themselves, they desired an education for their children that would prepare them for the challenging curricula of Eastern boarding schools and prestigious colleges. Other parents would have somehow made do, but one of these parents said to the others: "Why not start a school?" This was the genesis of Asheville Country Day.

On the evening of June 2, 1936, a larger group of concerned parents met at the Dodge home. They now included Janet and Evans Baxter, Eleanor and Francis Field, Jane and Harvey Heywood, Lockwood Perry, Dorothea and Verne Rhoades, Prudence and Paul Rockwell, Eleanor and George Stephens, and Richard Wortheau. That night a motion was made and seconded that

a school based on the Calvert System of Education be founded. This system, used by a school in Baltimore which sent out textbooks, materials and study guides, was designed as a guide for parents who were on military duty, or otherwise out of reach of national schools, and who wished to provide American education for their children. Adopted only as early guidance, this system was to be abandoned by the school in 1938. On that first evening the parents also elected a temporary Board for the new school: the three members were Janet Baxter, Harvey Heywood and William Dodge, chairman.

Nine days later a committee of five was elected with full power to organize the new school: Margaret Dodge, Eleanor Field, Harvey Heywood, James G.K. McClure and Verne Rhoades, chairman. By the end of June, their agenda included a motion to rent the Sternberg House at 186 Victoria Road for one year at a cost of $500, with an option to buy. James McClure then introduced two further motions: the first to name the new school Asheville Country Day (they had been referring to it as the Calvert School); the second to invite Nell Moore of New York to come to Asheville. All three motions passed and Verne Rhoades, who with his wife Dorothea was beginning years of dedicated service to the school, sent the following telegram:

July 1, 1936

Miss Nell Moore - Lebanon Springs, New York

Offer you one hundred dollars per month and traveling expenses to assist us in organization of Asheville Country Day - stop - question of permanent position as principal cannot be decided until organization has progressed further - stop - now have excellent location - stop - please answer my expense as soon as possible.

Down from New York, Nell Moore came. These parents were in earnest.

The choice of the name Asheville "Country Day" was significant, for it would define the very nature of the school. During the last half of the nineteenth century, non-public day and boarding schools were established both in Europe and the United States. These were frequently located outside of the cities and so came to be referred to as "country" schools. They might be military, church-affiliated or non-sectarian, but they possessed certain characteristics in common, including a family atmosphere and an emphasis on both intellectual and moral education. Many also stressed pupil self-government and manual labor.

It was not until the beginning of the twentieth century, however, that country "day" schools became at all popular. They were usually non-sectarian, offering a broad curriculum and providing a longer school day and more facilities than the urban public schools. Thus they gave their students some of the special academic and social advantages of a boarding school. The first such school to be founded in the United States was the Country Day School for Boys of Baltimore.

Country day schools should not be confused with "progressive schools" which were developing at the same time. They were, however, to introduce selective progressive methods into their curricula. The term "progressive education" has been too loosely applied to any change from accepted and traditional scholastic method, and to its detriment also associated with permissiveness. In actuality the country day school often brought many positive changes to traditional education, for it emphasized individual development; art, dramatics, music and crafts in the curriculum; a return to primary sources with less emphasis on textbooks and anthologies; and a greater social awareness both of the community and the world at large. Such was the promise in the name.

The time for founding such a school was not unusual. In those post-depression years private schools were being started throughout the nation. What was unusual was the nature of the founders: they were not professional educators, yet they brought to the task at hand a remarkable commitment. "Problems," says Eleanor Stephens, "some common to most schools, some growing out of the school's beginning as a cooperative venture of parents, nearly 'did it in' several times. The wonder is that it survived. But the hard work and the real zeal of parents devoted to their children and their education brought it through."

Hailed as a progressive, Nell Moore was a large, strong-featured, square-jawed woman who began this job with a dream in her heart to balance the practical and the aesthetic in education. As a graduate of Columbia University who later studied at the University of Hawaii and at the New School for Social Research in New York City, she had served as teacher and administrator in modern schools in the Eastern United States and in Honolulu, and had been principal of the Buck School in Pennsylvania. But her formal statement of philosophy in the new school's handbook was surprisingly orthodox:

"A thorough grounding in the fundamental tool subjects, sometimes called the three 'R's' . . . will be given first

place in the day's procedure. Music, dancing and the other arts . . . will also receive due attention."

Appointed first principal of Asheville Country Day almost immediately, she was to learn in the four years of her tenure the weight and dimensions of a position which would involve ten successors in the next fifty years, even though one man was to shoulder it for twenty-one years. Each of these eleven leaders has his or her own story to tell: of the challenge in coming, of the high hopes and heartache, the opponents and supporters, and always of the bitter-sweet farewell. What could be so difficult about heading a small, private school located in the mountains of Western North Carolina? Nell Moore soon learned the answer—satisfying the expectations of its five major constituents, each at varying times heading in different directions: Board, teachers, parents, students, and the community at large. Often, however, the fiscal struggle which was to haunt the school well into its fifth decade would unite all in the common effort to survive. Throughout the first summer the school was slowly equipped with a thrift that would have taught Benjamin Franklin lessons in husbandry. On August 21, the Board voted to allow $50 for the following necessary expenditures: stair treads 80¢, light bulbs $1.90, bathroom equipment $7, coat-closets $2.50, shelving $10, wire for summer house 85¢, paint $3, miscellaneous $10, supplies for pre-school $6. Total $46.05.

Harvey Heywood reported on the cost of desks, tables and chairs. He asked to be allowed " . . . to spend $120 for desks @ $6 each." The Board granted this request. He was also authorized to " . . . get fifty chairs at $1 each if possible." It was decided that the tables for the pre-school would have to be made.

Initially Asheville Country Day was underwritten by contributing parents who became "stockholders" entitled to one vote in electing the Board of Trustees. Those elected to membership on that staunch first Board included lawyers, a doctor and an editor, and fortunately two local headmasters: Jane Battle, Janet Baxter, Frank Coxe, Margaret Dodge, David Fall (Headmaster, Asheville School), Eleanor Field, David Harris (Headmaster, Christ School), Frances Herbert, Harvey Heywood, Dr. Farrar Parker, Hiden Ramsey (General Manager, the *Asheville Citizen*), and Verne Rhoades, chairman. According to its by-laws, the Board of Trustees "shall exercise all powers" of governing the new school. From 1938 onward, the head of the school has attended the Board meetings.

The tuition for pre-school, first, and second grades was set at $100 a year and that of grades three through six at $150. Salaries for the principal and teachers were to be paid in twelve equal installments of $90 each month. Even so, in 1943 Board members were paying tuition in advance so that monthly salaries could be met. Henry Johnson, the school's first janitor, received only $8 a week.

Asheville Country Day opened on September 16, 1936, with an enrollment of fifty-three in grades pre-first through six, special tutorial students in grades seven through nine, and a faculty of four. The aim of the school was to provide an educational environment in which, according to the first handbook, "children may work and play in mental, physical, and emotional balance." The "rhythms" of school life in the Learning House on Victoria Road were quickly established. The students arrived at the school by private transportation at 8:40 A.M. to follow a busy schedule until an early closing time of 1:30 P.M. Student-conducted chapel, which included a pledge to the flag, a prayer and a hymn, began the school day for the upper grades on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. This was to become a tradition of the school and to continue for over thirty years.

The basic curriculum of the school included English, Latin, French, math, history, geography, and in some grades, science. These subjects were taught vertically through the sixth grade and supplemented by art, music, crafts (including wood-working) and folk-dancing. Particularly impressive in the curriculum was the study of myth, poetry and botany, and the school's emphasis on dramatics. Every grade produced at least one play. The upper grades also cooperated in a major dramatic presentation each spring. The Upper School, which later would include grades seven through twelve, began with only two students:

"As I recall," explains Elspeth McClure Clarke, "our parents simply rented a room (the cupola) from the school. I was in ninth grade and Beckie Herbert between seventh and eighth. These tutorials were conducted at the top of the stairs by Mary Lispenard Ward, a New Englander of keen mind who firmly placed things of the intellect and spirit above material things, and gradually guided our scattered minds into new paths leading to Chatham Hall. I remember playing soccer on an old tennis court, with sagging, rusty wire at one end, which served to stop the ball from rolling down the hill toward Asheville High, . . . and Mrs. Paul Rockwell, who with great good cheer and

enthusiasm, organized rainy day games on the big porch. My father took me to school on his way to the Farmers Federation, stopping to pick up Mrs. Ward in Kenilworth on the way. Tunnel Road was a country scene then, with only one small group of log tourist cabins set in a pasture. I caught the Greyhound bus on Biltmore Avenue to ride home to Fairview in the afternoons. I remember some wild sprints down Victoria Road, books and lunch-pail flapping, and I think I acquired my enduring hatred of pay telephones from making a call home on those dreaded occasions when I didn't run fast enough."

Elspeth McClure Clarke was Asheville Country Day's first "graduate" although the first formal ceremony, with four students graduating from the ninth grade, was not held until 1945. These were the years which set the traditions and set them they did, including the annual Thanksgiving Baskets which students delivered to the needy; the plays and musicals; the first soccer teams; teachers' written comments evaluating student progress; publication of *The Star*, the school's first newspaper; and the Christmas programs.

Prudence Rockwell organized one of the first annual Christmas programs. Dressed in Old English garb and perched on the enormous woodpile at the side of one of the great fireplaces in the Grove Park Inn, Asheville Country Day students cheerfully sang their hearts out before their parents and assembled guests, and in the following year led a community sing in the old city auditorium. In 1942 Eleanor Stephens assumed this duty, and the Christmas Community sings became a candle's light during each of the four dark years of war. But the gem of music at Asheville Country Day was to be Mrs. Henry MacFadyen, who from 1941 directed the school's music programs with all the fervor of a Toscanini. According to Caroline Colburn, a Board member at that time, "The result was that Mrs. Mac's music usually shut the school down the week before the performance, to the consternation of the teachers and the delight of the children. But no one ever forgot any of her programs." Those who followed at a later time remember singing "Deck the Hall," attired in their red poplin capes, or practicing "A Wandering Minstrel" on the telephone with friends each afternoon until, in Mrs. Mac's words, it reached the "jelling point." For all who traipsed about the stage in trailing kimonos and white faces with serene confidence, Mrs. Mac is legend. And deservedly so.

In this vibrant atmosphere and after only one and a half years of Nell Moore's administration, the Board was surprised to receive her resignation, which was in turn refused. A divergence of philosophy had surfaced—Nell Moore favored teachers' written comments which evaluated the student's achievement in each subject whereas certain parents favored a marking system and more emphasis on standardized testing. Thus as early as 1939 the school had become a member of the Secondary Board of Education with its national testing program. The rift and clash of opposing philosophies—the traditional and the progressive—were not to be healed, however, and in the spring of 1940 after four years of service to the school, Nell Moore resigned a second time. In retrospect, the circumstances of her resignation are ironic in that Asheville Country Day has derived much of its strength as an educational institution in selecting what is best from both methods of education and effectively balancing the two.

The second principal, Dorothea Stillman, who was a Vassar graduate with a master's degree in administration from Columbia, led the school with a firm hand and traditional values through three of its most precarious years—war years which were to see both the nation and the school, macrocosm and microcosm, involved in a struggle for survival.

Already the school had reached brinks of fiscal disaster, but the founders were doggedly determined that this dream would not die. The ninth grade collapsed in 1939, teachers' salaries were cut, and by 1943 David Fall, Treasurer, predicted a deficit of over $900. A three-year plan of pledges and a parents' association, both modeled on concepts of the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, reflect the tremendous moral and fiscal strength of parents in the fifty year history of Country Day from its start. Closely involved, parents formed the Home and School Association in 1940, conferred regularly with teachers, assisted in the office, and also organized teas, open houses, and field trips. "Parents," recalls Ann Fuller Coxe, "were very much a part of the scene; unless my memory is faulty, there was a mother on telephone duty each day. Mothers brought milk and crackers around in the mornings. Parents chauffeured us on field trips, which were mostly to local crafts people and tobacco auctions." They also, as stockholders and Board members, tackled a deficit which by 1944 was liquidated.

After Miss Stillman's resignation in 1943, no new principal was hired, but a cooperative system of management was appointed from the present teaching staff with Helene Moorefield Walker, teacher of math and science,

as Administrative Head (later she would become principal), and Mary Lispenard Ward of the "cupola" tutorials as Academic Head. Mary Susong, first grade teacher since the school's founding, was named Primary Head. It was to prove an effective partnership. From only 64 in 1939, enrollment rose to a record 103 by 1944 and the first scholarships were offered. A merger with Haseltine School was considered and rejected, and the Learning House, the rambling rented house at 186 Victoria Road, was purchased for $5,500.

At the annual stockholders' meeting of 1946, a building program to renovate the Learning House was confirmed: Helene Walker reported that a reading readiness entrance test would be given each new pupil. George Stephens, Chairman of the Board, stated that the standards of the school had steadily risen during the ten years of its existence and that there were now ten full-time teachers employed, in addition to a music teacher and a boys' athletic supervisor. "Our children," he said, "can now transfer on an equal footing to any excellent school of their choice. Thus in the past ten years Asheville Country Day School has kept faith with the aim for which it was founded—to maintain scholastic standards comparable to the best in the country." Fine words to stand upon the threshold of a new decade.

* * * * *

Up a shaded walkway, across the verandah of the Learning House, another world apart from the Boardroom exists. It awakes each school day and the old house trembles from porch to peaks to turret. From the large assembly room downstairs the youthful voices climb the rickety stairways and spill through the halls to the tune of the "British Grenadiers." Chapel is dismissed and the day begins. Sounds of the alphabet from Miss Ann Kerr's kindergarten in the pantry mingle on the rickety stairs with Latin verbs from the cupola as industriously the students print their endless lessons on unlined paper with their Calvert pencils.

As usual Johnny Cocke has finished early. Sitting by a rain-streaked window in 1946, he writes: "My next goal was Neptune, but I didn't want to land, so I rocketed in the other direction . . . (and) practiced going in and out of ring nebulae in the constellation of the lyre. . . ."

Twenty-three years later at an observatory in Arizona on the night of January 15, 1969, John Cocke and his colleague Michael Disney are to locate the first optical Pulsar Star in the Crab Nebula—an astounding moment of discovery in the history of astronomy—a moment recorded on tape:
Cocke: "Hey. Wow, you don't suppose that's really it, do you? Can't be."
Disney: ". . . It really looks like something from here at the moment . . . It's growing too . . . Yeah that's it! By God, we've got it!"
Cocke: "Ah yes. Right. There it is. I'll be damned!"

* * * * *

Henry is climbing slowly up the basement stairs with a bucketful of clinkers. He has just opened the door at the top when the sandwiches come sailing down from the cupola and land in the schoolyard. "Mrs. Ward has found those 'anchovee' sandwiches again," he thinks. "Mrs. Ward has a nose for fish. Looks like those kids would have sense enough to use peanut butter."

* * * * *

"The bridegroom is heavy set," begins Mrs. Grace Darsie as each Christmas, by the fireplace, she tells a true story to the fourth grade. "His features strong and earthy—he is the kind of man who looks more comfortable in a work-shirt and overalls than in a suit. It is a November night in 1907. The Learning House is filled with the smells of chrysanthemums and roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The firelight plays over the groom's perspiring face as with knitted brows he repeats his vows. He hardly seems the kind of man to walk on timeless days with imaginary people along untraveled roads . . . and yet, in this very room by that fireplace, William Sidney Porter, the writer, whose penname was O. Henry, was married to Sara Lindsey Coleman. Now we are going to read one of his stories . . .," and the children of the Learning House thirty-eight years later listen to his words, ". . . Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the Magi. . . ."

* * * * *

The Learning House on Victoria Road is gone now—in its place a paved parking lot slopes downhill to Asheville High School—no one would recognize the place. But the house will live on in the memories of those who came and went through its doors.

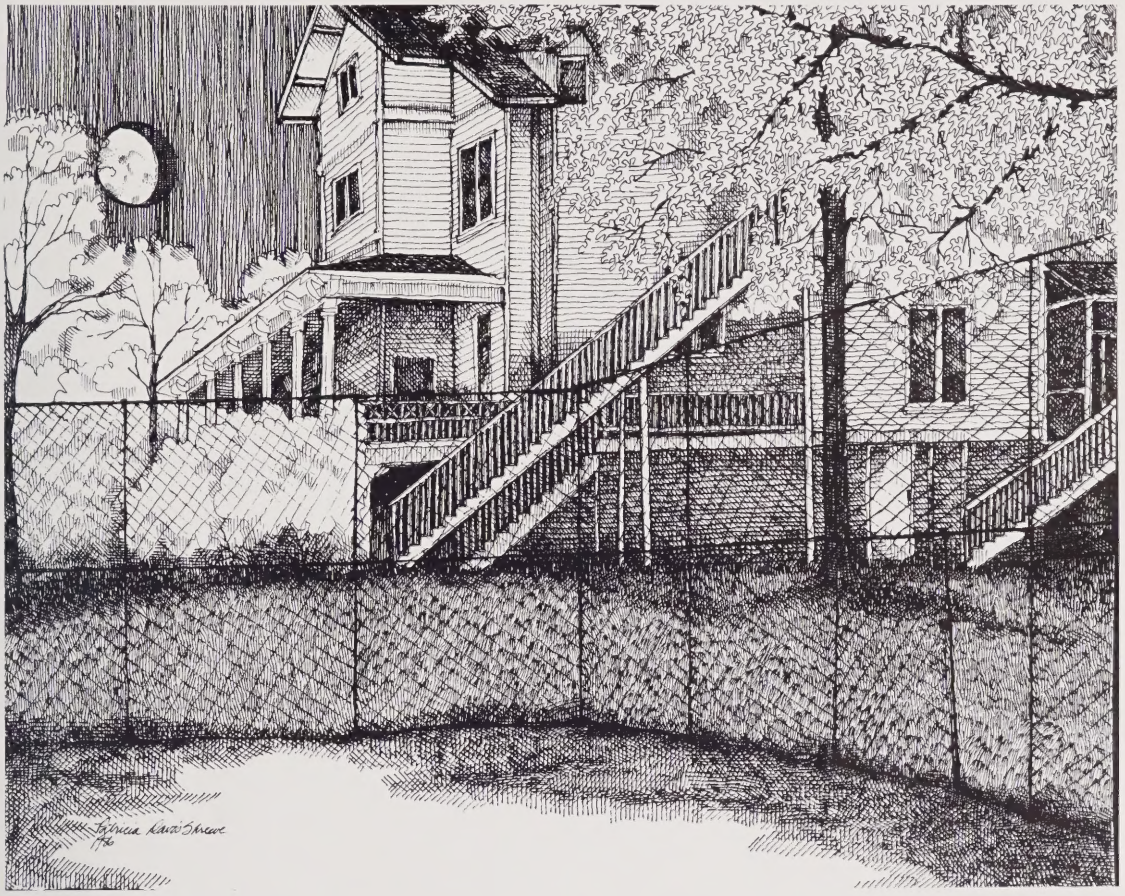
DO YOU REMEMBER: being exiled to the hall under the rickety stairs for punishment; dancing around the May Pole in saddle shoes and bobby socks, plaiting its ribbons; the bathroom overflow creeping in two parallel streams like the Tigris and Euphrates under an unflappable Miss Iddings' feet; barefooted Dave Harris clinker-

walking at recess; the epic battle of Callie Colburn and Johnny Cocke in the school's gazebo, which more than fulfills the school's emphasis on the ". . . give and take of spontaneous play out of doors"; declaiming Shakespeare under the hemlock trees; the dances to a wind-up victrola with Christ School; the day the school went on a sit-down strike; the downhill run when the soccer ball escaped through the holes of the rusty fence; the time when Harvey Heywood's pants caught on fire: according to sixth grade reporter Verne Rhoades, "he had some 'unsafety' matches in his pockets with some rocks. Tommy Bell kicked him in the pants playing soccer. He struck one of the matches and smoke began pouring out of every crack in his pants . . ." Poor Harvey! He must have spent some sad hours in the hall under the rickety staircase contemplating the relentless laws of combustion.

And who could forget: Mrs. Mac's productions; sharecropping the Victory Gardens in teams of two under the supervision of Dorothea Rhoades and canning the produce for school lunches; collecting leaves and waxing them for botany; the fourth graders mapping trips to California and the George Stephens family wisely following their daughter Eleanor's route the next summer; the old-fashioned spell-downs; Henry staying at school day and night during the blizzard of 1942 to keep the furnace going; Miriam Beecher, Chairman of the Board, having the school lunches cooked at her home and delivered to school; afternoon birthday parties and summer reading lists; sitting in study hall listening to FDR on December 8, 1941; the bake sales for French and Dutch Relief; a child waiting anxiously for parents who would never come because of a tragic airplane crash . . . the suicide of the man next door: sudden intrusions of death into the security of this strong, matriarchal world; the magic of the gazebo adventures and the box labyrinth; the sound of rain upon the roof of the Learning House, the tin roof under which Virginia Williamson, Grade 4, wrote:

Listen to the rain go pit - a - pat -
It is so gentle.
Listen to the tinkling bells -
The tinkling rain-bells on the roof.

Under the great oaks in the light of the shimmering half-moon the tin-roofed Learning House lies still and dreaming. This is *the Past.*



The Learning House: 1936-1949
186 Victoria Road

The First Decade, clockwise from top

1. The Lower School "Victory" gardeners • 2. Spring Festival — May, 1938 • 3. Front: Eddie Thomas, George Dunlap, Billy Dodge, Mary Coxe, Betty Ann Cocke. Back: Unidentified, Tom Pettigrew, Bobby Webb, Ann Fuller Field, Julia Parker, Frank Coxe. The Tennis Court, May 1938 • 4. Learning House Students, 1946 - Front row: Anne Marie Malloy, Kitty Coleman, Harriet Brown. Back row: Ida Schilthius, Betsy Justice, Jean Owen, Helen Deitz, Daphne Brown, Frances Russell.

The First Decade, top to bottom

1. Nell Moore, Principal 1936-1940 • 2. The Learning House, 186 Victoria Road • 3. The Kindergarten: 1948. Front row: David Jennings, Susan Craig, Joanne Coker, Lexie Rathbun, Lillian Norburn, Gail Northern, Linda Davis, unidentified. Back row: unidentified. Teachers: Miss Ogden, Emily (Davis) McLean.

The First Decade, left to right

1. Nancy Owen Cecil • 2. Dee Dee Smith • 3. Eleanor Rose (Field) Hedden • 4. Ann (Williamson) Beasley: the first four students to complete nine grades at the school (1945).

THE 2ND DECADE

MERGER

New Children play upon the green—
New Weary sleep below
And still the pensive Spring returns
And still the punctual snow.

—E.D.

In the fall of 1946, the great oaks press close about the Learning House as if they, too, are listening for returning footsteps. It is early September and the world shoulders the burdens of a new decade.

In a rare interview with the West, Josef Stalin proclaims, "The atom bomb is meant to frighten the weak-nerved . . ."; John Hersey's **Hiroshima** *appears in* **The New Yorker***: "Hulks of humanity crept or staggered stunned from the stricken area"; at Nürnberg twelve Nazi war criminals, led by frozen-faced Herman Goering, are sentenced to die on the gallows; the British intercept the* **Four Freedoms***, a Jewish blockade runner, off the Palestine Coast; a young black woman is convicted in Nashville of refusing to move to the rear of the bus; and Eugene O'Neill, at a Broadway opening says, "The human race is so damned stupid that in 2,000 years it hasn't had brains enough to appreciate that the secret of happiness lies in one simple sentence . . . that simple sentence is the Golden Rule."*

* * * * *

The old Chevrolet pulls into one of the parking spaces at the First National Bank. Colonel Clemens emerges, stops to brush the dust from the cuffs of his trousers and adjust his tie. A straight-shooter who prefers the world of students to the world of adults with its undercurrent of social tension, he squares his shoulders and heads for the Board meeting.

Colonel Albert W. Clemens, the first man to join the faculty, spent the last years of a distinguished career teaching math and Latin, first in military academies and later at Country Day. He was appointed headmaster in 1948. "He would often bemoan the fact that we did not have a commons," remembers Marsh Abell, "where a student could be sent out to march around for awhile and work the 'devil' out of his system." Inside the Board room now, Colonel Clemens listens with characteristic discipline. The Trustees began to realize the caliber of the man they had chosen to lead the school when, within a month of his appointment, they received his memorandum indicating line by line how far below the national average the school's tuitions fell. Two months later the Board received a similar memo concerning teachers' salaries. The first, being discussed now, is immediately approved: tuitions are raised. The second memo is not: there will be no raise for his teachers.

"So the day was not entirely lost," muses the Colonel at dusk as his Chevrolet chugs slowly into the driveway. He brakes for his wife Mary's two yellow kittens. Getting out, he picks up the smallest: "Now we'll see if those ninth graders translated their Caesar correctly." And the kitten rides atop his book satchel into the house.

Colonel Clemens succeeded Mary Manley Williamson, who had served one year as acting principal since the resignation of Helene Walker. Like Colonel Clemens, Mary Manley was also the embodiment of firm discipline and superb teaching. Led by Caroline Colburn, the Board continued to establish committees to guide almost every day-to-day procedure of the school. And it not only set administrative, financial and academic policies: in many cases it implemented them. One item, however, was always uppermost on its agenda: the search for an adequate building. The school was too crowded. Because of stricter regulations, weekly fire drills were held. With military precision Colonel Clemens could empty the building of all students in one minute. Still the Board members were uneasy. Fire

restrictions were becoming more stringent. Time was growing short. They needed to find another building and considered the Bell Eden and the Memminger Estates on Victoria Road, Witchwood on Hillside Street, and Trinity Parish House. But abruptly in August, 1949, five weeks before the beginning of classes, the Board was told: "Your present school building has been condemned." The news was numbing, except for one factor: the Haseltine School building had also been condemned. Immediately H.A. Haseltine was approached a second time concerning a merger with Asheville Country Day based on two conditions: first, that Country Day would retain its own identity and Board, while absorbing Haseltine School's student body; and second, that H.A. Haseltine would become headmaster (and Colonel Clemens his assistant) both subject to the Board of Country Day. Like Country Day, though four years older, Haseltine School was a co-educational, college preparatory school with small classes and individual instruction. Presently situated at 61 North Liberty, it had previously been located in the large southern colonial house next door at 43 North Liberty Street. No trustees were involved in the operation of the school which was the sole property of Hubert Haseltine, a graduate of Pennsylvania State Teacher's College with a master's degree from the University of Florida. Hubert Haseltine was a dedicated teacher and principal who ran a tight ship which consisted of a large, much-needed enrollment of boys in its upper grades. The two schools were merged on August 16, 1949, and the Asheville-Biltmore College property at 789 Merrimon Avenue was leased from the First Presbyterian Church as the school's new home.

That September the Learning House on Victoria Road waited for footsteps that never came. With the inside of the Merrimon Avenue building unpainted, the lunchroom unequipped and no playground, school opened in the large Brickschool with its wide portico and stately white pillars on the scheduled date, September 6th, with a record enrollment of 155. Six teachers had been released, four from Asheville Country Day and two from Haseltine; one of the latter was Adeline Haseltine.

The combined faculty of the 1949 merger consisted of Emily Royster Davis, kindergarten; Martha Nelle Lovette and Mrs. Joseph Sevier, first grade; Ola McDuffie, second grade; Helen C. Barnett, third grade; Grace Darsie, fourth grade; Winifred Quinn McCabe, fifth grade; Mary Manley Williamson, sixth grade; Mary Lispenard Ward, Martha Varnon Northup and Jane Raoul Bingham, upper school; and Joy Jones MacFadyen, music. Of these, four teachers (Helen Barnett, Martha Nelle Lovette, Winifred McCabe and Martha Northup) had come with their headmaster from Haseltine School.

In those busy days of the opening of school, the first concern of the Board and the administration was the physical plant. There was also the confusion of parents and teachers and students becoming acquainted with one another. At the hub of all this "hurly burly" was Mr. Haseltine, strengthened by the calm presence of Colonel Clemens.

As the first month of school passed, the enormity of the curricular adjustment began to be apparent. One of the major adjustments occurred for the students when their headmaster suddenly announced in assembly, "There will be no more printing! From now on all Country Day students will write in cursive. That includes the fastest printers in town." Caroline Colburn, Chairman of the Curriculum Committee, focused on report forms satisfactory to the combined faculty, the establishment of regular music classes, and the ". . . dream of adding a tenth grade." In her report to the Board on October 10th, she said,

"If we look back over the growth of Country Day School since it was founded fourteen years ago, it can easily be seen what sacrifices we have been prepared to make. Eventually when our housing becomes a permanent thing, we should look forward to the time when we may create an endowment fund with the interest and participation of the alumni and all parents, past and present, so that we may not be entirely dependent on tuitions . . . . It will take a tremendous effort on all our parts . . . but let us always realize that a school can never rise higher than the scholarship, standards and abilities of its teachers."

The four years of Mr. Haseltine's administration began with a difficult assimilation of two schools with diverse philosophies: Asheville Country Day was founded to prepare students for the high standards of the leading preparatory schools: Milton Academy, Exeter, Madeira. The Educational Records Bureau tests were subscribed to as a method of measuring the school's performance against these models, and in 1948 had ranked Country Day in the top one-third of the nation's independent schools. Quite an accomplishment for a small school only thirteen years old, operating under such severe financial restrictions; but it was to be only the beginning of an outstanding academic standard set over the years by the school's dedicated faculty. Haseltine School had been personally created

by Mr. Haseltine, who possessed rare qualities as an educator, including an ability to select and hold outstanding teachers. His objectives were also to provide the finest education possible. However, he placed less emphasis on standardized testing programs as a means of evaluating student progress, preferring to establish his own high criteria.

This period was an exciting time during the school's history. Parents and Board members alike answered Caroline Colburn's summons and served in varied capacities on diverse committees to improve the physical plant and to increase enrollment. In the spring a five-year lease was negotiated for the Merrimon Avenue property with the Presbyterian Church. Among the school family, there was a sense that this graceful Brickschool with its white columns was going to be home for awhile and so they settled in.

Then on the day after Thanksgiving, 1950, the Board of Trustees summoned all the stockholders to an emergency meeting at the school. At this meeting, Jordan Brown, Board chairman, reported that the financial situation of the school had become critical. Despite the concerted efforts of the Board's Enrollment Committee, the present enrollment was 131, a loss of 24 students from last year's record enrollment of 155. Gordon Hagar, Board treasurer, then explained that the Board had endorsed a plan which called for a voluntary contribution of $30 per child in order to meet expenses of the current semester. He also stated that it would be necessary to increase tuition for the next semester. A ballot vote was taken. Of the 44 families present, all votes were in favor of the contribution.

That afternoon as the late November sun streamed through the casement windows of the Brickschool's assembly room and the voice of the slight, gentlemanly chairman rose and fell in measured cadence, there must have been parents who were surprised to realize how fragile the dream was. But perhaps, because of its very fragility, they were to grasp it even tighter. From somewhere deep within they found the will to continue the years of struggle. They were determined to build this school for the children they loved.

With the merger of the two schools, the increase in initial enrollment and the growth of Asheville, a change had taken place in the make-up of the Board. It had become more cosmopolitan—more professional. Again the school was fortunate in the caliber of men and women called to its service. Jane Bingham, French teacher and Curriculum Chairman during these years, recalls the dedication of the Board:

"What the years of this second decade demonstrate is the determination of the Board to carry on after the first excitement of creation is gone. The quality of leadership is outstanding. Obviously Phil Brownell had to come in from Olin, Maury Winger and Gordon Hagar from Enka. These captains of industry would discuss the nitty-gritty details of whether the school could afford to refund partial tuition because a child had been withdrawn. The sometimes prickly relationship with the church had to be dealt with—the constant effort to sell the Victoria Road property—always these day-to-day demands.

"And the women—they kept at it also through thick and thin. I know that Caroline Colburn had a new baby, that Lou Glenn lost her husband during these years. But there they were attending board meeting after board meeting. And what of Jordan Brown? For a time he had to give up because of illness. But even at home he was working for the school, and after a brief absence he is back wrestling with the precarious finances of ACDS!

"What all this says to me is that people who are convinced that a job is worth doing can find the time and the strength to do it."

Despite problems of the merger, these four years were to be characterized by steady, if not rapid, growth in all areas—acquiring, for example, "Miss Edith" (Holmes) and her lunchroom, Doris Hensley as secretary-bookkeeper and "recruiter," adding both a pre-first and organized athletics—steady growth in every area except one of the most crucial: enrollment. Yet these were also years of loss. After beginning her fifteenth year at the school, Mary Lispenard Ward died in December of 1951. And in May of 1951, Mary Manley Williamson resigned. For ten years she had served in various capacities, including sixth grade teacher, dean of girls and principal.

The school year 1952-53 began with an enrollment of 120. Furthermore there was a great disparity in the enrollment of individual grades. Pre-first enrollment was nineteen and first grade twenty-four, whereas the Upper School (grades seven, eight and nine) consisted of only fourteen students. Aware that the upper school deficit was jeopardizing the entire school, the Board resolved with regret that if applications for a total of eleven or more pupils were not received on or before January 26, 1953, the Upper School would be discontinued after the close of the current school year.

In February the Board accepted Mr. Haseltine's resignation. Philip Brownell, chairman of the Board, expressed his appreciation for Mr. Haseltine's contributions during his four years as headmaster, and under the supervision of Caroline Colburn, a search for a new headmaster began. After all the applications for the position had been studied, the Board chose Marshall Abell, a graduate of Yale University. "As a teacher of three years standing in the public schools of Connecticut, when asked at the age of 25 to become headmaster of an established school in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, I had not yet established a philosophy of education that could even vaguely be verbalized," admits Marshall Abell in retrospect, "but I did sense immediately upon my arrival a tremendous feeling of interest, caring and personal involvement on the part of the Board, parents and faculty in each individual student."

Despite a vigorous enrollment program, there were only nine students enrolled in the Upper School, and no students registered for the ninth grade upon Marshall Abell's arrival in August. The Board then granted ten new scholarships in addition to the six scholarships already provided and the scholarships extended to faculty children. On August 27th, ten days before school was to open, enrollment in the Upper School reached eleven. This crisis was weathered. There would be an Upper School.

It was fortunate that Marshall Abell was not a man to reflect upon the negative aspects of a situation. Instead, he rolled up his sleeves and went to work. During the first three years of his administration, two major accomplishments were recorded—provision for professional psychological counseling and a revision of teachers' income to a standard $1,800 annual salary. A strong contribution to his first years as headmaster was the moral and financial support of the Home and School Association which, through its sponsorship of the annual carnival, rummage sales and other activities provided funding for many school projects.

In December 1953, however, despite an enrollment of 132, it had been necessary to solicit early tuition payments in order to meet the teachers' payroll in January, and by February 1954 a special committee composed of Board members and patrons had written a letter to the school community explaining that the school was spending an average of $32 beyond its income for each child enrolled and soliciting supplementary contributions. This was the precursor of the Annual Giving Fund to be established officially in 1961.

To cloud the financial horizon even further, at this time the Church announced an increase in rent as the school's five-year lease expired. Heading the list of each Board meeting was the topic "Church Relations," which had been steadily deteriorating over the years. And so in the summer of 1954, exhausted by the persistent grappling with the church over the amount of rent, sharing the use of buildings, and other vicissitudes, the Board began another search for a permanent home for the school. Zealandia on Town Mountain Road, Stratford Towers in Beaver Lake, and the Manor on Charlotte were considered. Either the prices of these properties were prohibitive or they were not available. Finally, in January of 1955, the Board doggedly committed itself to a building program.

Only the special quality of the mutual involvement that Marshall Abell had recognized upon his arrival at the school explains how at the end of the second decade a young new headmaster and his Board dared to plan, with a $4,000 deficit and less than twenty students in the Upper School, a quarter-million-dollar building campaign. But they *would* have it: a permanent home.

The dream was not without hazard.

A thin scattering of snow lies over the red clay fields that surround the Brickschool. The pungent smell of freshly waxed floors beyond the wide portico mixes with a wild, spicy aroma of fir and balsam as freshly-cut greenery festoons the entrance to the assembly room and lines the window sills. Listen! Mrs. Mac is rehearsing "Carol of the Bells": the Fifth Grade voices spiral upward and outward, and in the other brightly decorated classrooms the children stir restlessly, finding it hard to concentrate with their own inner worlds wrapped in the glitter of Christmas dreams. Look! Open any three classroom doors to the past and glimpse the art of teaching—that often indirect mystery—upon which everything else depends.

Behind a door hung with holly the first graders are gathered in a circle, reading aloud. The unbleached muslin curtains decorated with hand-drawn crayon pictures drape the windows, and a spear of light glinting off the icicles hanging from the eaves pierces a feathery stenciled snowflake pasted on the pane. A cotton bole, a starfish, some Spanish moss, a bee's nest, a shell and some sugar cane are displayed on the homemade flannel bulletin board. In the corner of the room hangs a red-checked apron. With the children in the reading circle sits perky, bright-eyed Martha Nelle Lovette, her youthful face framed in a silver Dutchboy bob.

"That was so fine, Anne," she says. "Come here. You've earned a star." Anne Hensley slips out of her chair and walks to her teacher, who carefully pastes the gold star on her forehead. For the rest of the day, Anne will wear this badge of merit proudly, patiently enduring the tormenting itch of the drying glue.

Martha Nelle Lovette of the red-checked apron combines discipline with an understanding heart. All the children know when the apron comes off the hook it's time to stop the foolishness and straighten up in a room where bowls of goldfish and tadpoles sit on a table, turtles creep about under the desks, and sleepy-eyed frogs bask on the sunny window sills. "Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it. Love every leaf, every ray of God's light. Love the animals, love the plants, love everything . . ." (Dostoyevsky).

So she stands there among the children clamoring for her attention—this bright-eyed teacher on the brink of the universe, crying, "Let there be yet one more day, that I may affirm the beauty of it through these children, for I am blind with its wonder."

But now it is time for rest. Beneath the snowflakes, the children unroll their mats and snuggle down—cradling their heads on their arms. Watching above them, her silver head bowed, Martha Nelle Lovette of the red-checked apron sings softly:

"Lullaby and goodnight with roses bedight
. . . Bright angels are near
So sleep without fear. . . ."

Another door swings open, and there are the students bent over their history books—while, balancing on the tracery of tree limbs outside, paper angels on the casement windowpanes carry their red candles, circled in green holly, burning their paper-orange flames. In the corner stands a Christmas tree which David Swann has brought, wrapped in links of chain which the class has meticulously forged out of bits of colored paper. And there beside the old wooden desk at the front of the room stands Winifred McCabe—beloved Cabie—remembered by hundreds of sixth graders now scattered to the wind. What is her magic—for surely it is that which transports them to other worlds from a small classroom on the second floor of a large Brickschool?

"Ah, Cabie, can numbers really be that fascinating? Are there really people like that living in the world, Cabie? Cabie, you forgot to say that Hammurabi codified the laws. Cabie, somebody drained the castle's moat. I answered first, Cabie. Bismarck is the capital of North Dakota. Please, Cabie, let me do that . . . let me give the report on Thermopylae. Cabie—guess what? I'm reading the real Shakespeare, **not** *the Lamb's tales. Oh, no! School is out. Can't I stay, Cabie? Can't I help you average grades? Well . . . Cheers, Cabe. Cheers! See you tomorrow. . . ."*

Tell us, Cabie. Tell us. What causes that magic carpet to fly so high and true? What makes a good teacher? But the woman who has begun her career as a teacher in a one-room schoolhouse on the Nebraska plains doesn't answer. She turns to the blackboard behind the desk with that twinkle in her Irish eyes. "These are Hammurabi's laws," she says. And then we know. She cares. She cares that Hammurabi codified the laws. She cares that Bismarck is the capital of North Dakota. But most of all she cares for—no, she loves—each of the children sitting at their metal desks with the hinged wooden tops. And they know it. So, for all the sixth graders scattered to the winds: Cheers, Cabe. Cheers—Cheers—Cheers.

There is no sound at all coming from behind that sprig of mistletoe on the third door except the scratch of pens on paper. Inside, the December sun spills through the bare windows, tracing their patterns of parallel lines across the oak floor. The test is on longitude and latitude, and Nancy Atkinson's pen flies across the paper—until—disaster: her pen runs out of ink. The laws of this classroom are as inflexible as the meridians. Frantically Nancy fumbles in her pocket for her handkerchief, pulls it out and unties the knot.

"Please, Mrs. Northup, I have to fill my pen."

"Where is your nickle?" asks the no-nonsense teacher sitting at the desk.

"Here," says Nancy, dropping it in the small jar on the desk.

Martha Northup's world is a dignified world of absolutes which she controls with chin-up equanimity. Against this world, the adolescents she teaches shore up their doubts: "You always know where you stand with Mrs. Northup." Every child needs to have a teacher like this once in a lifetime.

Her wisdom is omniscient: she falters only at French pronunciation and then only momentarily. To her pupils she says, "Pronounce it like English. This isn't Paris." And should any presume to tangle with her, she loads the culprits in her car and takes them to her house. There

they are sentenced to a rigorous afternoon of window-washing or leaf-raking under her eagle eye, and the pea-shooter loses its appeal forever.

Mrs. Northup teaches everything, including First Aid. "I have never been sick to my stomach," she says, "and I don't intend to be." The students believe this because who could picture Mrs. Northup sick? No one—that's who. "Come on, Mrs. Northup, try out our new slide. See! We'll wax it just for you" . . . and she whizzes down the slide, landing on her feet with Northup aplomb. "Hand me my book satchel," says she a little breathlessly. Meanwhile, Charlie Webb sails up in the swing—higher—higher. Now it's time to jump. No—No—WAIT!—It's too late. Charlie lies writhing on the ground with two broken wrists, shouting: "Get Mrs. Northup!" . . . get Mrs. Northup (who can fix anything).

* * * * *

After recess, Sammy Bingham climbs the stairs to his mother's classroom. Her French students, inspired by her zest for life and learning, are just leaving. There are smiles and laughing cries of "au revoir" and "a demain, Madame Bingham." Jane Bingham does not believe that French should be pronounced like English. Now she says to Sammy, "Hand me the thumb tacks."

Sammy does, and his mother unfurls a blue and green map of a strange land.

"What country is that?" Sammy asks. He has his mother's quick curiosity.

"This is a map of Southeast Asia," says his mother, "and that green country is Vietnam. There is a war going on there between the French and the Vietnamese."

The tack slips beneath Sammy's thumb, turning sideways and pricking him.

"Wars are bad," says Sammy, rubbing his thumb ruefully.

Fourteen years later Sammy will travel to that green land as a foreign correspondent. Then he will know just how bad.

* * * * *

In the spring of 1955, Bobby Garner sits in the first grade reading circle. If he squints his eyes a certain way, the light shining through the muslin curtains focuses on the nearest goldfish. A sandy hill at the bottom of the bowl glistens like silver, and golden lights flicker in the oval windows of the lavender castle. In his mind's eye, he struggles up this hill and gazes out upon his watery kingdom. Arcing down from above comes a fish and then another and another—transformed now into golden whales with diaphanous tails, they swirl in and out of the lavender castle. And Bobby is king of all he surveys.

"Bobby, Bobby Garner," notices Mrs. Lovette gently. "You are dreaming again! Whatever is going to become of you?"

Thirty-one years later Bob Garner in wetsuit and aqualung completes his review of Sea Base Alpha in the "Living Seas," the undersea habitat which has been literally transported, coral reef and all, from the Florida Keys. The dolphins circle below him, joyously jostling and nuzzling and whistling. Bob calls to them. "Toby! Christy!" and lifts a hand to shield his eyes against the setting sun. Arcing up and out of the water comes one, and then another, transformed now into golden fish with diaphanous sails, they swirl in and out of a shining sea. And Bob Garner, executive producer and writer for Walt Disney Imaginary Productions, is king of all he surveys.

* * * * *

Like the lavender castle, like the Learning House on Victoria Road, the Brickschool with the graceful white columns is also gone now; in its place stands Grace Presbyterian Church. But for seven years of the second decade and the first two years of the third, it was home for the students and teachers of Asheville Country Day and it, too, will live on in the memories of those who came and went through its doors.

DO YOU REMEMBER: Colonel Clemens' weekly awards to the "Clean Plate Club"; the time Cabie addressed the sixth grade concerning the softness of the younger generation, explaining that she used to walk three miles to school each day only to find Sammy Bingham sitting on the steps of the school the next morning at 8 a.m. He had walked twelve miles to school from his home in Biltmore Forest; and Mrs. Butler: "What is wrong with this sentence: 'The gander and the goose is going through the gate?' " Chris Hagar: "The lady ought to go first"; the Spring Carnivals with their cake-walks, bingo and the fishing booths (it paid to have connections in the fishing booth); reading ghost stories in the windowless utility room by the light of a flashlight; the shadow plays enacted on the window shades; the popularity of singing Hymn Number 149, "Now the Day is Over," in morning chapel; raking leaves to earn money for the Needlework Guild; the gallant "Iron Men" who removed rocks from the football field for training and played on pure red clay which baked hard and cracked in the sun; ballroom dancing in the annex with the Beale Fletchers; Dasha Morgan's expertise at dodge ball . . . .

Remember *musical teas and candy-pulls; the mural*

of Pisgah and the Rat and the dash downstairs for a seat on the battleship grey benches in the lunchroom before Miss Edith's succulent Abell Special; Colonel Clemens' ubiquitous whistle: "Tu---weeet! and gruff "Keep it down"; Mr. Haseltine's sudden visits to class: "I have found this dangerous implement in my school. Does anyone know what it is?"—anxious glances askance—"Isn't that a pea-shooter?" says an intrepid soul. "Yes; it could put out someone's eye. I never want to see another on school grounds"; the womanless wedding with Bob Armstrong as the blushing bride; Callie Colburn's chain mail suit made out of "chore girl" scouring pads sewed to a pair of longjohns, and Billy Swann stuffed in a toe-sack and carried in as a wild boar poached on the King's land. Under the bright stage lights the boar begins to squiggle and squirm—Robin's Merry men give it a thump or two whereupon the boar cries, "Let me out!" Tu-weeet! "Keep it down"; Charles Waddell winning the blue-kneed contest by wearing short pants longest into winter; Josephine Northup's crew-cut a few days before the spring program; April Fool's Day: the faculty kidnapping all the students and Mr. Abell coming out of his office to find an empty school and a ransom note . . . .

And who could forget playing ping-pong in the bleak, dusty basement as the ancient jukebox plays Rosemary Clooney's "This Old House" over and over; Mrs. Mac's **Mikado** *and the little girl in the second grade who is unable to come mincing in with all the other seven-year-old Japanese ladies. She is pulled on stage in a makeshift rickshaw and steals the scene; Mrs. Lovette's Rhythm Band and their rendition of "The Stars and Stripes Forever"; and, of course, Mrs. Mac's "O, Holy Night."*

* * * * *

A student glances out the window. It is snowing! "Snow—snow—snow" whisper the students to one another, gazing transfixed out the windows. The teachers continue the lessons but their eyes, too, frequently stray to the casement windows. The swirling snowflakes tumbling thickly down have the power to transform their world. Mrs. Hensley quickly calls Bob Ballard. The buses will be at the school by 1 P.M. "Just time for one more rehearsal," estimates Mrs. Mac, and the command goes out. In the sixth grade room, Ria Brown dons her galoshes and David Brownell sticks a book in his pocket for safekeeping. David Swann lifts the top of his wooden desk, ostensibly to get his books, but really for one more glance in the mirror he has glued underneath: from three desks behind, it reflects back the cherubic face of his love—Joyce Moritz. She is smiling—smiling. The whole school troops through the swirling snow, over the makeshift gangway to the annex—the old wooden building at the back of the school. Upon the shoulders of one of the ninth grade "Iron Men" the little rickshaw girl rides like a queen. Inside a fire roars in the old iron stove, but it is still cold. The students line up on the stage, the older children using a stack of bricks as risers. Mrs. Lovette takes her place at the upright piano. Mrs. Mac announces the first carol: "Deck the Halls." Anne Hensley's dark hair shines above her itchy golden star. David Swann trips Joyce Moritz on the bricks and her heart leaps for joy. The youthful voices ring out true and clear: "Don we now our gay apparel . . . Fa-la-la-la-la . . . La-la-la-la . . . Between the la's, a seventh grader (let him be nameless here, but symbol of all such boys—suffice it to say he is the seventh grader who innocently asked, "Isn't that a pea shooter?") whips out the deadly implement and pelts Josephine Northup on the back of her neck right smack dab between her long brown curls—Oh, no! Mrs. Northup bears down with her umpire's frown. Strike Three! A murmuring among the students as the miscreant is hauled off the bricks. Colonel Clemens' bushy eyebrows draw together in a frown. Tu-weeet. Tu-weeet. "Keep it down!"

Finally it is time for "O, Come All Ye Faithful," and in the old shed garlanded with Christmas greens the children's voices rise in glory to the magic of the day: "O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O come ye—o come ye—to Bethlehem. . . ." Outside the new snow falls softly now, gently draping a celestial veil over the Brick-school. It is nine days before Christmas.

This *is* the Past.

The yellow buses—lights burning—pull into the school yard. The annex doors burst open and the students tumble out. Carolyn Abel-Smith, golden curls bouncing about her pink cheeks, is first down the gangway. "School's out," she cries, shouldering a halfback into the snow. "Dibs on the front seat!"

Second Decade, this page, left to right

1. Carnival cakewalk: front: Joyce Moritz, Anne Hensley, rear: The Cooley girls • 2. Faculty 1953: Martha Northup; Freda Ledford; Virginia Proctor; H. A. Haseltine, headmaster; Albert W. Clemens; Jane Bingham; Joy MacFadyen; Doris Hensley • 3. The Brickschool at 789 Merrimon Avenue • 4. The spring Maypole • 5. Lunchroom, the Brickschool—identifiable: Barbara Huger, Bobby Garner, Barbara Franz, Nancy Jennings

Second Decade, facing page

1. 1949: Ninth grade • 2. Pat Hamill, Marshall Abell, Dimps Houston, David Jennings • 3. Chapel: leader: Jane Dodge: teachers: Martha Nelle Lovette, Byrl Shontz, Winifred McCabe • 4. Cleve Pinnix, Sam Bingham • 5. Mrs. Williamson's sixth grade • 6. (upper and lower) Mrs. Lovette's first grade on playground • 7. Maypole, front: Anne Hensley, Josephine Northup: rear: Sam Bingham, Chris Hager • 8. Grace Butler's fourth grade • 9. Marshall Abell and seventh and eighth grade trip to Washington, 1957

Asheville
Country
Day
School
FUTURE HOME

The Second Decade, clockwise starting at top

1. The Mikado — Jerry and Anne Putnam • 2. Barbara Huger, accepts gift of land from Biltmore Company for Hendersonville Road school: Judge Junius Adams, George Cecil, William Cecil, Marshall Abell • 3. Music Class: Front: Dean Beck, Susie Clarke, Millicent Bitter, Jim Clarke, Bill Swann, Jerry Putnam, Sandy Colburn, Tootie Lee, Louise Stephens. Back: Charlie Morrison, Charlie Waddell, "Mrs. Mac" Barbara Huger, Sammy Bingham, not identified, Craig Coggins, Lucy Mardis • 4. Kate Polsky, David Houston • 5. A.W. Clemens, Martha Northup, Jane Bingham, H.A. Haseltine • 6. Kitten Bingham, H.A. Haseltine, Bill Freeman display award winning art

The Second Decade, left to right, top to bottom

1. Martha Nell Lovette • 2. Fourth Grade, 1957: 1st row: Bill Taylor, Jane Dodge, David Houston, Louise Stephens. 2nd row: Jerry Putnam, Sandra Simpson, Sandy Colburn, Judy Henderson. 3rd row: Lucy Mardis, Barbara Huger, Laurel Rathbun, Miss Lena Allen • 3. Haseltine School, 43 Liberty Street • 4. The Rhythm Band • 5. Sixth grade, 1957: Left to right. Front: Mary Brownell, Frank Carr, Bill Walls, Jeoffrey Walker, June Harris. Back: Eddie Davis, Rowena Tillinghast, Anne Putnam, Jan Wall, Winifred McCabe • 6. Joy Jones MacFadyen

The Brickschool: 1949-1958
789 Merrimon Avenue

THE 3RD DECADE

GROWTH

We never know how high we are
Till we are asked to rise
And then if we are true to plan
Our statures touch the skies—

—E.D.

The days of the Brickschool are numbered. Beside the portico, the dogwoods are strewn with crimson. Soon they will come to full color, dying in a blaze of glory.

This is the twelfth September since the end of World War II; the 1956 Republican Campaign Director tells his workers: "Couple Eisenhower and Nixon together always. The purpose for doing this is not to sell the President—there is no need of that. He is the idol of the country. But it is necessary to 'sell' Nixon"; John Foster Dulles introduces "brinkmanship" in the Suez Canal crisis; "The Iron Curtain," says the U.S. Information Agency, is showing signs of becoming more porous; Tennessee guardsmen with bayonets and gas masks disperse a Clinton mob rioting against a court-order to desegregate the schools; Prince Ranier III and Princess Grace of Monaco pay their first visit to the United States since their marriage in April; the Tailors' Guild shakes a sartorial finger at Elvis Presley, Marlon Brando and Ted Williams for sloppy dressing; Winston Churchill says, "Forty-nine years ago I visited Africa. In my book **My African Journey,** ***I wrote, 'The problems of Africa are the problems of the world.' This was true in 1907. It is true today"; and Thornton Wilder, on a visit to Asheville eighteen years after Thomas Wolfe's death, remarks, "Wolfe's writing was a cry of anguish about what was painful to him about his youth, and yet it expressed a deep love for it. It was a mixture of hatred and love. Time will soon clear up the sense of grievance here, and his works will long outlive the feeling of bitterness."***

* * * * *

In 1956 school enrollment drops to 103. Cornelia Stephens volunteers to teach upper-school English without pay and resigns from the Board in order to do so. Bus service is cut to one bus three times a day and car pools are initiated. Dimps Houston, former Chairman of the Board, undertakes the Lakeview Park run, and Treasurer Robert Montague projects a $2,650 deficit. On September 23rd there is a called meeting of the Board. One of the three ninth grade students has withdrawn, precipitating the withdrawal of the remaining two. There is no ninth grade.

Still the Board remains faithful to the dream. Fixed in their intention to build a new school, persevering under adversity and flourishing with only a glimmer of hope, the Trustees with Judge Alfred Nippert's $20,000 pledge and with Barbara Huger as chairman, astonishingly launch a campaign to raise $300,000. Then in October 1956 George and William Cecil extend the Biltmore Company's gift of a piece of property on the Biltmore Estate near the old riding stables, five miles from Pack Square, fronting on the Hendersonville Highway and measuring approximately ten acres. It is like black clouds rolling off the sun.

In December architect Bertram King, guided by Samuel Bingham's building committee, presents a plan for a 220 student school, consisting of grades pre-first through nine. His initial design reveals a cluster of three one-story buildings connected by covered walkways and centering around a sunken courtyard.

From the beginning it is to be a professional, well-orchestrated effort. On December 21st, an alumni dinner is held at the George Vanderbilt with approximately fifty persons attending. The next day the *Asheville Citizen* carries a front page story on the campaign, and later in the week an editorial states, "Asheville Country Day School, a highly useful and ambitious institution, needs and deserves to have the new facilities this worthy campaign

seeks to make possible."

On March 10, 1956, the campaign is officially launched. Charles D. Owen, Sr., accepts the position as chairman of the campaign and Reuben Robertson, the position as honorary chairman. In addition, Charles Owen and John B. Veach, Sr., are named co-chairmen for advanced gifts, and Barbara Huger announces the campaign cabinet: general executive committee: Pat Hamill, Cecil Swann, Maurice Winger; finance: Robert Montague, Harmon Lee, and Harry Winner; volunteer services: Philip Brownell; general office services: William Winkenwerder, Jr.; reserve: Charles Tillinghast, Clint Minnich and Sam Bingham.

By August the campaign has raised $237,000, to which is added a $52,000 lot at the corner of Hilltop and Stuyvesant donated by John Sprunt Hill. Laurence Merchant is engaged to begin grading in November, and on the wintry afternoon of January 7, 1958, this dream against all odds becomes reality in a simple ceremony.

Colonel Clemens checks the time on the large clock in the main hall. It says one o'clock. He nods to Marshall Abell, who presses a buzzer, and raucous sound rushes through the Brickschool. Almost at once the halls fill with the excited children bundled in their winter coats and scarves. Down the stairs, through the halls and out the doors they spill to fill the waiting buses. The chatter, the teasing and the laughter race the length of the yellow buses and, gathering strength, rise to a crescendo. Tu-wheet! Tu-wheet! "Keep it down."

Three miles outside of Biltmore, the buses make a right turn off Hendersonville Highway on to a rutted dirt road and stop amid a crowd of cars. The students step off one by one, hunching their shoulders against the sharp wind. They stand on a wide-stretching level lot cleared of trees—its earth at the left center beneath a steep hill scarred by its own red clay. Students and teachers, parents and friends gather in an irregular circle standing close against the bitter wind. The Reverend C. Grier Davis gives the invocation. Mrs. Mac begins the School Hymn. It rises uncertainly, the voices trembling in the frozen afternoon. Then they gather strength: "What though he journey o'er unfriendly mountain . . . Virtue defends him . . ." The frosty breath of each singer trails upward, vanishing like a wisp of smoke. "What though he wander o'er the burning desert . . ." (sssh—sssh—"Keep it down!") "Virtue defends him. . . ."

Coatless in the bitter wind, Sammy Bingham, attired only in his boy-scout uniform and his trusty knee socks, presents the new flag which Colonel Clemens accepts for the school. They are followed by Judge Junius Adams, who makes a valiant effort to wedge the first spade into the frozen earth. Then Susie Clarke comes forward, her blond hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks polished red by the cold. Elspeth McClure Clarke watches her daughter and time furls backward to the warm memory of a white house on Victoria Road.

Colonel Clemens' hands are numb with cold, but he does not put them in his pockets. The school has been established for twenty-two years. For thirteen of those years, the old white frame house on Victoria Road had been the home of the school. Yet as he looks over the faces of the people gathered at the building site, Mrs. Mac is the only one of the teachers left who walked under the great oaks to the Learning House in the first decade. All are different. All changed. Only he and Mrs. Mac link the Learning House to the Brickschool to the unknown future. Finally he slips a hand into his pocket, and Elizabeth Waddell turns one of the last symbolic shovels of clay out into the wide level lot of the Present—where time Past and time Future are linked in a vision of knowledge.

In addition to the campaign cabinet and the general chairmen, the program of the day lists others who made this ceremony possible: Dorothea Rhoades and Dimps Houston, chairmen of general division; Samuel Bingham, chairman of speakers' committee; Traynham Houston, chairman of auditing committee; Robert Montague, treasurer of the campaign; and Pat Hamill, treasurer of the building fund. The program states, "This ceremony marks the beginning of construction of a permanent home for Asheville Country Day School. It is made possible by the great community of friends of the school whose efforts and contributions through the years have built a school worthy of this moment." The program also carries a memorial: "to Judge Alfred K. Nippert whose foresight and generosity have contributed so much to this moment."

During the next eight months, construction moves steadily forward until soundings are taken for the gymnasium/auditorium and the land is plumbed to a depth of thirty feet without striking bedrock. Part of the property is a pipe clay bog and will have to be shored up. Approximately $30,000 is spent in resolving this problem. Endeavoring to adhere to its policy of a debt-free school, the Board authorizes cost-cutting accommodations, including paring down expenses on kitchen equipment from

$16,000 to $1,800, narrowing the high school corridors, and reducing the size of the gymnasium/auditorium. Furnishing the new school is also a concern; the austerity and ingenuity of twenty-two years ago is again in evidence: Pat Hamill produces tables from laminated doors and wrought-iron legs, and Sam Bingham makes the science benches.

At the annual Patrons' Meeting on June 4, 1958, in the assembly room of the Merrimon Avenue school, Barbara Huger reports that the school will open in the new building some time before the end of September. In her address to the patrons she pays tribute to those who have prepared the way in the first years:

"As we come to the end of an era and approach a new era with such great potential, my first thought is to reaffirm that the founders of Asheville Country Day School, who wished to establish a school to provide superior fundamental education in a non-sectarian atmosphere, established a firm basis on which to build. An independent school evolves. Housing, staff, population, methods, direction are all required, are all interwoven as to need, and must all develop mutually if the school is to be a success. We have always been grateful for the foundation which has been built. In time of crisis, in times when problems loom, it is the greatest comfort to think of the many children who have already been educated by this school—to know that the school has always ranked exceptionally high on national testing programs—to see that our graduates continue to make excellent records in the most prestigious preparatory schools and colleges. It would be impossible to buy these twenty-two years of effort and growth which have gone into the making of this school—but it is our past, it belongs to us, and on it we will build the future."

Although the gymnasium was still under construction, the new Courtyard School opened on September 22, 1958, with an enrollment of 149. Students, teachers and parents began the year with great enthusiasm. In a heartfelt letter to the Board, Ginny Hamilton, pre-first teacher, seemed to speak quietly for all: "I want to thank you for this new school and for my room. The joys of teaching are greatly increased in beautiful surroundings. I suppose one can teach anywhere, but a teacher who comes to school with a happy, can't-wait-to-get-there feeling, is certain to do her best. I mean to do just that—*my best*, as you have done yours."

Having an attractive school building was exciting, but it was immediately apparent that working out what would happen within that building was an even more Herculean challenge. Because the gymnasium wing was not complete, there was no music room, and Mrs. Mac found herself teaching in the basement, not in a carpeted classroom—but in the boys' shower, which was adorned with red velvet curtains and a tapestried rug in a fruitless effort to disguise its identity.

A tenth grade had been added this year. Plans were to add an eleventh and twelfth in the next two successive years, but the primary problems of the Upper School remained enrollment and insufficient extra-curricular activities. The Board appointed a committee under the chairmanship of Leola Brownell to review its scholarship policies. Upon the recommendation of this committee, the Board established the first full-tuition upper school scholarships, authorizing six new scholarships based on need, academics and leadership for the school year 1959-60. Aware that the Upper School needed good morale on the part of the student body, the Board also determined to increase extra-curricular activities. In March, upon the recommendation of Marshall Abell, the Board appointed Jim Hamilton as athletic director and dramatics teacher. Like the schedule of other upper school teachers of this time, his initial schedule was mind-boggling: eighth grade homeroom teacher; upper school boys' athletics; upper school girls' athletics; athletics for grades four, five and six; upper school dramatics; and upper school debating. In addition, Jim was to teach three history courses, work with all grades on speech and poetry, and act as substitute teacher when the need arose. Finally, he was ". . . to endeavor to form a tennis team." Jim Hamilton's initial salary was $300 a month.

In this same year, Ann Fuller Coxe was hired as librarian and began the major task of cataloguing all the books in the library, and Frances Lord began her pioneer work in language therapy. Trained in a specialized approach to retraining the dyslexic developed through the research of noted neurologist Dr. Samuel Orton and his wife June, Frances's skilled teaching and empathy were to make a major difference in the lives of numberless students into the school's fifth decade.

During the years 1959-1963, under Marshall Abell's leadership, the school forged steadily forward. It was a shock to the Board, however, to realize that despite the new building, the school remained in the same precarious financial situation which had confronted the Merrimon Avenue school, although the situation was

considerably less gloomy. Even though enrollment rose steadily each year so did expenses, and each year except one in this decade recorded a deficit. It became increasingly clear that the school could not operate without supplementary income, and in 1961, twenty-five years after Country Day's founding, the first Annual Giving Campaign was conducted with Charles D. Owen, Sr., acting as chairman. It netted $13,531 and appeared to be the answer to the school's need. That anniversary also marked Asheville Country Day's first class of graduating seniors. David Harris, Headmaster of Christ School and member of the first Board, was the Commencement speaker. The six graduating seniors had all been accepted into the colleges of their choice.

One of the double doors swings wide and Colonel Clemens' eyes blink momentarily as he enters the huge room crowded with people and ablaze with light. At the sight of his familiar figure, a number of parents break off their conversations and turn to greet him. It is the evening of the annual Patrons' Meeting, May 21, 1962.

The meeting is called to order, the parents and teachers are seated and Colonel Clemens watches from his customary inconspicuous stand at the side of the room as Marshall Abell assumes the podium. "He has a presence," thinks Colonel Clemens as the conversation in the room grows hesitant and dies under the young headmaster's gaze, "and he has matured since the days of the Merrimon Avenue School." Marsh proceeds to the business of the evening. He and Colonel Clemens have worked closely together for nine years. Next year will be his tenth year as headmaster. "Here it comes," thinks Colonel Clemens and fixes his mind on Caesar's oration to the Helvetii.

"It is with deep regret that I announce the retirement of Colonel Clemens at the end of this school year." Marsh clears his throat. "Colonel Clemens personifies a type of dignified discipline which we and our children will miss. A true schoolmaster, he is loved and honored by generations of students. In their words, 'He has listened to us with patience. He has disciplined us with firmness. He has brought us knowledge. He has shown to us duty. He has taught us honor.' God bless you, Colonel Clemens. Help us to live up to your ideals."

At the side of the room, Colonel Clemens' shoulders grow even a little straighter. For a moment the scene around him blurs. He adjusts his glasses. Then the parents surround him.

In groups of two and three the people leave, and finally the evening is over. Colonel Clemens is relieved. He crosses the empty parking lot and climbs into the old Chevy. His life will be narrower now. The car's motor responds to his touch. Sometimes he is not so lucky. On his way home, he thinks of the yearbook dedication. Under his picture, the students had written, "A teacher affects Eternity. He can never tell where his influence stops." He smiles ruefully to himself as he turns into the A&P parking lot. He almost forgot Mary's cat food.

Behind him in the past, the lights of the Courtyard School flicker and die—one by one.

These were years of rapid growth for all phases of the school. On October 27, 1963, the *Asheville Citizen* carried a full page article headlined *A.C.D. Gaining Reputation as Area's Most Progressive School* which recorded some of that progress: According to Marshall Abell, "An important role that each independent school must accept is that of selective academic experimentation." Among the innovative programs were the language program for children aged five through nine taught by Helen Reed, a "Renaissance Woman" for her versatility of skills; New Math; and special science programs for the elementary grades. Upper School curriculum additions included chemistry, biology, physics, government, German and Russian.

In fact a whole series of "firsts" marked an era "characterized by teachers who would never," said Marshall Abell, "settle for second best": the first year of 180 full school days; the organization of the Alumni Association; the first National Merit Tests; the first National Merit Finalist, Rowena Tillinghast ('63); the first visit to campus of a College Admissions Officer; the founding of the school yearbook, the *Silhouette*, under the leadership of Robert Bell, a rising senior; the first Science Fair; the establishment of a Student Council; the organization of an intra-mural sports program including basketball, softball, baseball, track and tennis; and last but not least, the founding of the Country Day Thespians under the direction of Jim Hamilton, who in nine years won 17 Distinguished Achievement Awards at the North Carolina Dramatic Festival at Chapel Hill.

These years also saw the institution of a Demerit System for enforcing discipline, which "appears to have caught the respect of all the students . . ." and the initial concern over a school dress code. Both the Administration and the Board feared that ". . . the school will rock when the Home and School mothers debate the dress code since

this topic arouses intense, poles-apart, opinions." The mothers met and the school rocked; there were two problems: coats and ties for upper school boys versus no coats, and blue jeans versus no blue jeans, on which the Country Day House stood divided. The mothers "passed the buck" to the Board, which stated, "The Board recommends neatness and conservative dress . . ." and passed the buck to the Student Council and the Administration. The buck stopped there. There was unanimity concerning smoking, however. It was prohibited on campus.

In 1963 an Advisory Board of six non-patrons was established. Marshall Abell welcomed the first members. "Dreams and visions have a way of coming true with hard work and persistence," he said. "Those of us here today are carrying on the dreams of the founders by zealously guarding the fundamental principles for which the school was founded." Among the first six Advisory Board members was Verne Rhoades.

That fall for three days in November at the center of the traffic circle, on the arrow of the silver pole pointed to the sky, the flag hung at half-mast day and night. Students, teachers and parents mourned together the passing of President Kennedy who, himself, had been no stranger to a dream.

In the spring of that year, Marshall Abell concluded his annual headmaster's report to the patrons by asking for a rising vote of thanks for the school's outstanding faculty, who included Ginny Hamilton, pre-first; Martha Nelle Lovette, first grade; Byrl Shontz, second grade; Effie McCurry, third grade; Betty Hanlon, fourth grade; Cornelia Stephens, fifth grade; Winifred McCabe, sixth grade; Celeste Rast, lower school science; Cissie Folckemer, lower school math; Margaret Harvey, art and girl's physical education; Marshall Roberts, Assistant Headmaster, English; Marjorie Burrowes, Latin; Anne Coleman, science; Ann Coxe, librarian; Jim Hamilton, history, physical education, dramatics; Doris Hensley, typing; Frances Lord, language therapist; Eileen McCabe, English, history; Bert Monaghan, chemistry, physics; Catherine Moore, Dean of Girls, advanced math; Helen Reed, Spanish, German, Russian, government, lower school language; and Kitty Stencil, French. The staff of the school included Doris Hensley, secretary and business manager; Edith Holmes, dietician; and Wallace Dawkins, maintenance supervisor.

At the end of the meeting, Pat Hamill was recognized for his six years of tireless work as treasurer of the building fund. He reported that almost 99% of the bank loans had been repaid and suggested that the 1963-64 operating budget take these tag ends of bank loans and the off-setting pledges and terminate the separate existence of the building fund. The Board had fulfilled its vow: the new school was virtually free from indebtedness.

In the early morning the bronze courtyard bell is resonant with light and the redwood and rock-faced buildings crouch low about the frosty courtyard. Marshall Abell's white Volkswagen is the first car to pull into the parking circle. Wallace's van is parked at the side of the gym. Marsh climbs out, briefcase in hand, and heads for the office, passing the tall, bare flagpole. He has made this trip a thousand times, but he still experiences the same feeling of coming home at the sight of the symmetrical low-crouching buildings, dappled by the shadows of pine and oak and elm. He has known this school in his mind's eye before it came to be, and it has been built according to his initial design. It is a part of him.

Wallace is waiting outside the school office. He has finished unlocking the doors and now lingers for a word with Marsh before beginning the day's duties. No matter how crowded the schedule, there is always time for a few teasing remarks before the day begins. Wallace smiles in the early morning light.

Marsh enters the office and completes some paperwork. Marshall Roberts arrives and checks in. The teachers begin to arrive. Every morning at this time, Marsh leaves his office. Round about the school he goes, greeting the teachers and the arriving students, for such is the warmth of the man that he regards his students and faculty as an extended family, and they in turn respond. It is not an easy way to be "headmaster," for he is so accessible that he bears their burdens as well as his own. But his faculty draw a strength from him and go forth to meet their day secure in his support and understanding.

So his day of implementing policy begins. His duties are awesome. He is the final authority to whom students, teachers, and parents turn for planning, counseling and disciplining; he also bears the weight of the Board's chief liaison officer; he, himself, is the executive branch of the school and all the multifarious concerns of the school are his concerns. He is a well organized, methodical man, but he is also a man of vision. Like Nell Moore, he is more of a progressive than a traditionalist, and as such, he is open to intelligent experimentation, but he is not taken in by current faddishness in education.

That same night Marsh returns to the school for a Board meeting. When the business of the meeting is over, the

Marshall Abell's Ice Tree

Trustees leave; but Marsh, touched by some event of the day, remains behind. The lights shine on the rock and wood of the buildings, illuminating the frosty courtyard and a discarded Christmas tree. From the supply closet Marsh hauls out the hose, connecting it to an outside faucet. Then he ties its nozzle to the trunk of the tree so that a fine spray showers upward. He goes into the office, puts on an opera record, picks up a green pen, and sitting down at his desk, he proceeds to write thirty-one personal letters to his faculty and staff, speaking of the individual contributions and the unique gifts of each and expressing his gratitude. When he has finished, it is after 2 A.M. Carefully he places each letter in the faculty mailboxes. Then he opens the outer door of the office.

Out in the courtyard, the freezing night has transformed the dying tree into a dazzling ice sculpture. He smiles to himself. It will be one of his gifts to the faculty and students in the morning. He is an uncommon man.

In the next three years, the school grew rapidly. In the 1963-64 school year, Eleanor Stephens, who had helped to shape the school's original curriculum, returned to direct its library and at the end of this year, after heading the school's music program for over twenty years, Mrs. Mac resigned. Jane Bingham spoke for the school during the final spring recital of Mrs. Mac's pupils.

"Somehow for over twenty years on a specified day in June, flowers, punch and cake, girls and boys dressed for the occasion, and, of course, most of all music would transform the wooden porch on Victoria Road, a chalk dusty school room on Merrimon Avenue, or this gymnasium into a Salon of Music . . . Mrs. MacFadyen all her life has exercised her right to be uncommon. She has sought every opportunity to develop the talents God gave her. But she has gone even further because she has sought every opportunity to develop the talents God has given children. Mrs. Mac, I give you this card. But the real card should be as long as a list of those children singing 'Deck the Halls' . . . those children who for so many years have been fortunate enough to hear above the scramble and rush of school life, a beautiful voice, singing, 'O Holy Night, the stars are brightly shining. . . .' "

In November of 1965, the school hosted the Carolina's Independent School Conference, and in this same year Asheville Country Day was listed as an approved school by the North Carolina Department of Public Instruction. This was the first step in a long struggle over the years to win accreditation by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools.

Three years after Martin Luther King said to the Freedom Marchers gathered at the Lincoln Memorial on the one-hundredth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, "I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the meaning of its words . . .," the State of North Carolina found itself defending the constitutionality of the Pearsall Act. Thomas Wade Bruton, the State Attorney General, sent a letter to Marshall Abell. In it he asked two questions concerning the school as an approved non-sectarian private school: the first, "What is your present policy as to accepting students of different races"; the second, "Do you presently have enrolled in your school students of different races?" Marshall Abell replied,

Dear Mr. Bruton:

Our present policy concerning the acceptance of students is the same as it always has been, in that any student who applies to Asheville Country Day is considered for admission as outlined in the accompanying "Statement of Policy."

We do not presently have enrolled in our school students of different races.

Sincerely yours,
Marshall Abell

In his headmaster's report to the annual Patrons' Meeting of May, 1966, Marshall Abell reported that from 1958 to 1961 the school had grown from nine grades to a full senior high school, and that since 1961, six classes and fifty-seven seniors had been graduated. Fifty-two of these had been admitted to four year colleges. Of these seniors, nine had been named National Merit Scholarship Finalists. This extraordinary high percentage was a tribute to the school's faculty and the rigorous academic program, but no record could be kept of another achievement of equal or even greater importance: the considerable number of unsuccessful or failing students who were somehow "rescued" into development of their latent abilities and resulting self-respect.

At the close of the decade, tuition rates were $500 for grades one through six and $550 for grades seven through twelve. Faculty salaries averaged $3,000 for the Lower School and $3,500 for the Upper School, and the annual operating budget of the school exceeded $150,000. Under the leadership of Marshall Abell, a small private

school of nine grades with an enrollment of 132 had been transformed in its new home to a flourishing, modern independent day school of twelve grades with an enrollment of 278.

The attention of Cornelia Stephens' eighth graders is riveted upon the sentence diagram she has just placed on the board. Cornelia, her dark eyes shining, is a master English teacher. It isn't easy, teaching the children of this age—one step removed from childhood innocence—teetering on the brink of responsibility. It takes a firm hand and a certain amount of divine fire. Cornelia is endowed with the former, but she is consecrated by the latter.

In these vital years, she teaches the gamut of the basic mechanics of expression. There are teachers who busy themselves about these skills, but Cornelia teaches *the skills down to the "nitty gritty"—words that we have heard before. And she drills—and drills some more, for like all master teachers, she cares so intensely that the young people she teaches gradually begin to assume that this "nitty gritty" must be of some significance—that it must lead to somewhere or something important. This is it—she teaches the nitty gritty with divine fire, and when it threatens to stultify the student's world, she blazes a path through the sky to Mount Olympus and the gods walk down—trailing plumes of glory. This is what it's all about.*

* * * * *

A girl with long brown hair and large bright eyes who has learned the value of the word as a distractor asks, "Why?"

"Because the Latin says so," answers Madame Burrowes firmly, standing at the desk in a second room.

And that takes care of that.

The students love the elegance and heart of Madame Burrowes, who wears her frilly dresses and the blue tennis shoes with grace, and every school day herds her old blue Buick all the way from Hendersonville without too much respect for the yellow highway ribbon along the way. Her life has not been easy. If anyone has learned "Life is not what it appears to be . . ." it is she, but hers is a code of old world elegance that meets it with a smile. In tribute to her, every one of the upper school students is a member of the Latin Club. It is the social hub of the school. Each year with infinite pains, Madame Burrowes directs the Christmas Tableau—enduring the resulting trials and tribulations with patience—in the end bringing it all together by a sheer triumph of will.

Ask Madame Burrowes the secret of her enthusiasm, and she will tell you. She has learned to read the buttermilk skies of life. It is too short for regret.

Now the girl with long brown hair is a woman grown with a child of her own.

"Why?" asks her little boy. "Why is it so?"

"Because it just is," she says and smiles to herself, remembering the words of the grandmotherly teacher with the frilly dress, standing there so staunchly in her blue tennis shoes. "Because the Latin says so, that's why!"

* * * * *

A bright American flag with shining stripes of red, and white stars on a field of blue, is painted all across one wall of the third room. Underneath stands a tall man. His hair, greying early, is cropped close to his head. His expression is genial, though behind the geniality there is a rockbound sternness.

Bill Stewart is a man drawn by his ideals to trace the currents of democracy from its wellsprings—an American Scholar who looks with equal eye upon all leaders and political movements—candidly assessing their role in the making of his country—allotting each event its proper significance in the place of things. There is a maturity here beyond the students' ken. Bill Stewart is that teacher whom you come to appreciate later in life, when viewing in retrospect that which endures, you realize almost too late what a fine teacher he was.

* * * * *

The teacher in the fourth room is Byrl Shontz. She joined the faculty in the Brickschool on Merrimon and now in the Courtyard School quietly goes about her business which is teaching second graders. She is a phenomenal reading teacher, but if you ask her for her secret, she says, "It's no big deal!" But it is. Byrl is forthright—ageless in her relationship with people—a born carer. She is the friend of children—loving them, supportive, openhearted. The secret is close at hand: "Shontzie's" students learn to read because they feel good about themselves.

* * * * *

It's Halloween, persimmons are ripe in the woods, and on the pre-first windows gap-teethed pumpkins grin at humped black cats with frozen screams and witches riding by on scraggly brooms. Traditions may come and traditions may go, but the Goblin Parade goes on forever: the oaks cling tight to their russet leaves as a hoard of goblins—led by a fat skeleton, with a motley clown cling-

ing to a fair ballerina halfway down the line, and the smallest ghost floating in the rear—slips down the walkways, creeps up to the classroom doors and pounces in, curling round and about the desks of the bemused students and swarming out again. No room, not even the headmaster's office, is safe from the twirling ballerina, the tumbling clown, in the yearly march of the Goblin Parade.

Doris Hensley stops the office calculator to smile and wave as the littlest ghost trips over his sheet. Jim McDonald pauses in the midst of his history lesson to straighten the witch's hat. The skeleton looks over his shoulder uncertainly as a door shuts on the trailing wisp of the littlest ghost's sheet, fastening him there, but then opens gently from within as Bill Stewart, volunteer fireman with one ear tuned to the urgent sputters of a black box, watches the littlest ghost float on down the hall at the tail end of the Goblin Parade.

It has begun to rain. The littlest ghost cuts a corner in order to keep up, and the tail of his sheet drags through a mud puddle (he doesn't notice). "Know ye what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of today," says Francis Thompson. "It is to be a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism. It is to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness and nothing into everything. . . ."

* * * * *

The sun comes out and the icicles clinging to the eaves outside the English room shrink and stretch. Inside, Nancy Thorndike sits at her desk, anxiously scanning the choice of titles again. Where does this teacher find them? "A moment, not out of time, but in time, in what we call history; transecting, bisecting the world of time, a moment in time but not like a moment of time . . ."? Nancy can't even comprehend it. All around her, she hears the sound of pens on paper, and still she sits before the blank pieces of paper. The essay exams seem easy for many students. The more creative the topic the better. They love the challenge. But Nancy is going to be an economist, not a writer. Why this emphasis on writing? After what seems hours, the first phrase finally comes to mind, the creases in Nancy's brow unfurrow, and she begins to write.

Nineteen years later, Nancy Greenspan sits in the New York office of her literary agent. After considering bids from some of the nation's leading publishers, she and her husband, Dr. Stanley Greenspan, have just sold the rights to their second book, **First Feelings**, *to Viking. The book deals with theories Dr. Greenspan has formulated over the years concerning the raising of a happy, well-adjusted child.* **First Feelings** *has been organized and written by Nancy Thorndike Greenspan.*

* * * * *

Hurrying to meet a class, a teacher crosses the courtyard. The branches of the young dogwood trees bend under the white burden of their blossoms, and a robin sings. In this Courtyard School the teachers have the freedom to determine what ideas are most worthy of their students' attention; they may focus on the values that are closest to their hearts; they may instill the ideals that shape their students' future. For a moment the teacher passing by the dogwood trees hears the robin's song.

* * * * *

The science exam is over and the students spill out of the gymnasium into the bright sun, flocking about the tall, laughing teacher with auburn hair. Anne Coleman is notorious for her stringent biology exams. The more she expects, the more the students give—laughing—laughing—caught in the spell of her infectious challenge. So one hundred leaves to collect this week? What's that compared to the smile you will receive on Monday morning for a job well done.

"Come and sit in the courtyard, Mrs. Coleman. Come and sit with me awhile. . . ."

* * * * *

Finished with his work for the day, Wallace Dawkins, maintenance supervisor since 1961, leaves the cafeteria by the side door. The spring wind grabs at his hat, but he is a little faster. He pauses to watch Dick Washburn, the team's captain, preparing for his last sprint down the field. Tomorrow is the big meet at Furman, and so today there is no holding back.

Dick falls into his crouch, his knees bent, his broad shoulders dropped and hunched, his weight resting on the ball of one foot, the other positioned behind, and then like a shot he is flying down the field, running with an athlete's ease and symmetry.

"It's funny," thinks Wallace. "Either they have it or they don't. And if they have it, you can tell by the way they hold themselves even when they're standing still. It's grace, that's what it is."

"Well, I see you got the kinks worked out," says Wallace as Dick comes off the field. "Good luck tomorrow."

"Thanks, Wallace," says Dick, flashing his warm smile

and extending his hand.

Wallace feels the warm, crushing handshake. It is almost as if Dick knows the time is short—as if he is telling you in the simplicity of that warm, crushing grip what life is all about.

Four years later, Dick Washburn is killed in a motorcycle accident at Chapel Hill. Who ever said life is fair or safe or even that there will be other handshakes?

* * * * *

At the foot of the bronze bell, Betsy Wood is waiting for Dick Washburn to finish track practice. Betsy has a way of meeting the vicissitudes of life with a sigh, an "Oh, dear," and a half-smile. Such is the winsome charm of her vulnerability, you have to be on her side—you have to want to help her. Lucky—lucky Betsy, sitting in the courtyard under the dogwood tree, waiting for Dick Washburn. "Come and sit with me awhile. . . ."

* * * * *

It is not the great event that lives in memory but the unexpected moment—a smile—a face for no reason lingering—a whisper—REMEMBER: when only the young spruce tree grows in the courtyard and the bronze school bell hangs starkly over its pillar of stone; the entire school celebrating "Robert Bell Day" (Robert is the first student to complete thirteen years at the school); facing off from the white podiums in the Junior-Senior Debate: "Is my honorable opponent implying . . ."; the 3,000 word term papers on every subject from Zen Buddhism to hummingbirds; the wailing of the Civil Defense sirens at noon; reciting the Times Tables before the entire class in "Curry's" Third Grade; boarding the train at Biltmore Station for the first grade's trip down the mountain to Old Fort (Martha Nelle's version of the Orient Express); Ginny Hamilton's tap dance; Wallace in his van riding shotgun on his annual Halloween Patrol in blissful pursuit of stray Wild Turkeys flying by; Bruce Armstrong's Gunpowder Plot exploding Whiz—bang—ka—boom!! in the woods outside the History Room. "None of you move," Mr. Stewart says. "I will apprehend the culprit . . ." and out the door he goes; the Praying Mantises hatching in the first grade—hundreds and hundreds of Mantises preying about, creeping and crawling over the feet, up the arms, down the necks of twenty First Graders—"Everyone for himself!"; Swat—Squish—Scrunch—the survival of the fittest; Shhh . . . the intercom linking the classrooms to the office; boarding the yellow buses, jouncing across the railway tracks, and climbing Biltmore Avenue to the Square, passing Vance Memorial—its grey needle blending into the day, coasting down to Merrimon, turning sharp left at Chestnut Street to stop before Colonel Clemens' house (with the two yellow cats on the porch) to sing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" for him and Mary; the night of the Christmas program with the wayward shepherds and the sinful angels finally shaping up around the Holy Family . . . .

Remember approving Jim Hamilton's choice of the name Highlanders for the athletic teams; Mr. Roberts' pipe, short stories and flying erasers; rainy day court visits brightened by Helen Reed's wisdom; sitting in a darkened auditorium listening not to Gene Hamilton, but to John Proctor of **The Crucible** *standing upstage right in a shaft of light; free study halls; working off demerits by clearing rocks from the athletic field; traveling to Chapel Hill in the yellow school buses, standing on stage under the hot lights with the greasepaint on your face, speaking your lines with confidence because you have worked so hard, you know you are good and you have to win. And you do—year after year you do, for yourself but also for Jim Hamilton—not one more than the other; the late-night cramming sessions before filing into the gymnasium with a queasy feeling in your stomach, depositing your shoes, in stocking feet searching out a desk and tackling the marathon three-hour exams in each subject; the year of the Cuban Missile Crisis when Vaughn Polansky drew nothing but pictures of the bomb; the tantalizing smell of the "chili special" whipped up by Miss Edith with the aid of Sam (Obereta Brandon) and Parthenia (Porter); "sacking in" on the days when the snow plows are scarce and it takes a week to sand the streets—sledding down the hill in the black and silver night past the great oak standing sentinel above the frozen golf course; and the evanescence of the magic days—passing—passing by.*

Remember abandoning the books and the classrooms for Mountain Day: touch football by a rippling creek, brown bag lunches under trees ablaze against the cloudless October sky, climbing the steep, leaf-lined side of a mountain—clutching the life-saving branches—slipping and sliding—scrambling up and down—teetering across log bridges—and the old gnarled apple-tree standing alone in the sun of the flowering meadow . . .

"Who shall say
Whatever disenchantment follows—
That we ever forget magic
Or that we can ever betray on this leaden earth
The apple tree, the singing and the gold?"

Thomas Wolfe
Look Homeward Angel

. . . an April night in the dusk at the side of the courtyard. The cherry tree stands upon the white carpet of its fallen petals. It is the night of the annual Spring Dance sponsored by the French Club, and Wallace keeps his usual watch at the third doorway of the auditorium. Earlier that day he has helped the students hang a glittering glass ball from the center beam of the huge room, and now he watches, mesmerized by his own magic, as prisms of light swirl over the floor and the walls and the ceiling—rippling past the fountain and the flowers and across the young faces of the dancers. Light for a second illuminates the bright smile of Nancy Hendricks (she is dressed in yellow), before passing on to the face of Madame Burrowes, gracious and beaming—the white orchids blooming on her long frilly dress (plenty long enough to cover a pair of blue tennis shoes)—not far from the Champs Elysees now—not at all far. Under the flickering lights the girls in their flowing pastels and the boys in their rented tux seem suddenly older. Wallace finds himself watching a couple near the center of the room—almost directly under the spinning glass ball. Perfectly matched, they revolve slowly, the prisms of light intertwining the symmetry of their movements.

"The last time I saw Paris
Her trees were dressed for spring
And lovers walked beneath the trees
And birds found songs to sing—"

"It's grace—that's what it is," thinks Wallace.

Outside on the rim of the courtyard, attracted by the music, a mockingbird sings in the cherry tree. This is *the Past.*

A Tribute To

Marshall M. Abell

our life will pattern Asheville Country Day
for more years than we will live.
nd when you do not touch any more
the things that can be touched
or hear the sounds and music that remain behind,
there is something of you with us still.
or the tangibles are not the whole.

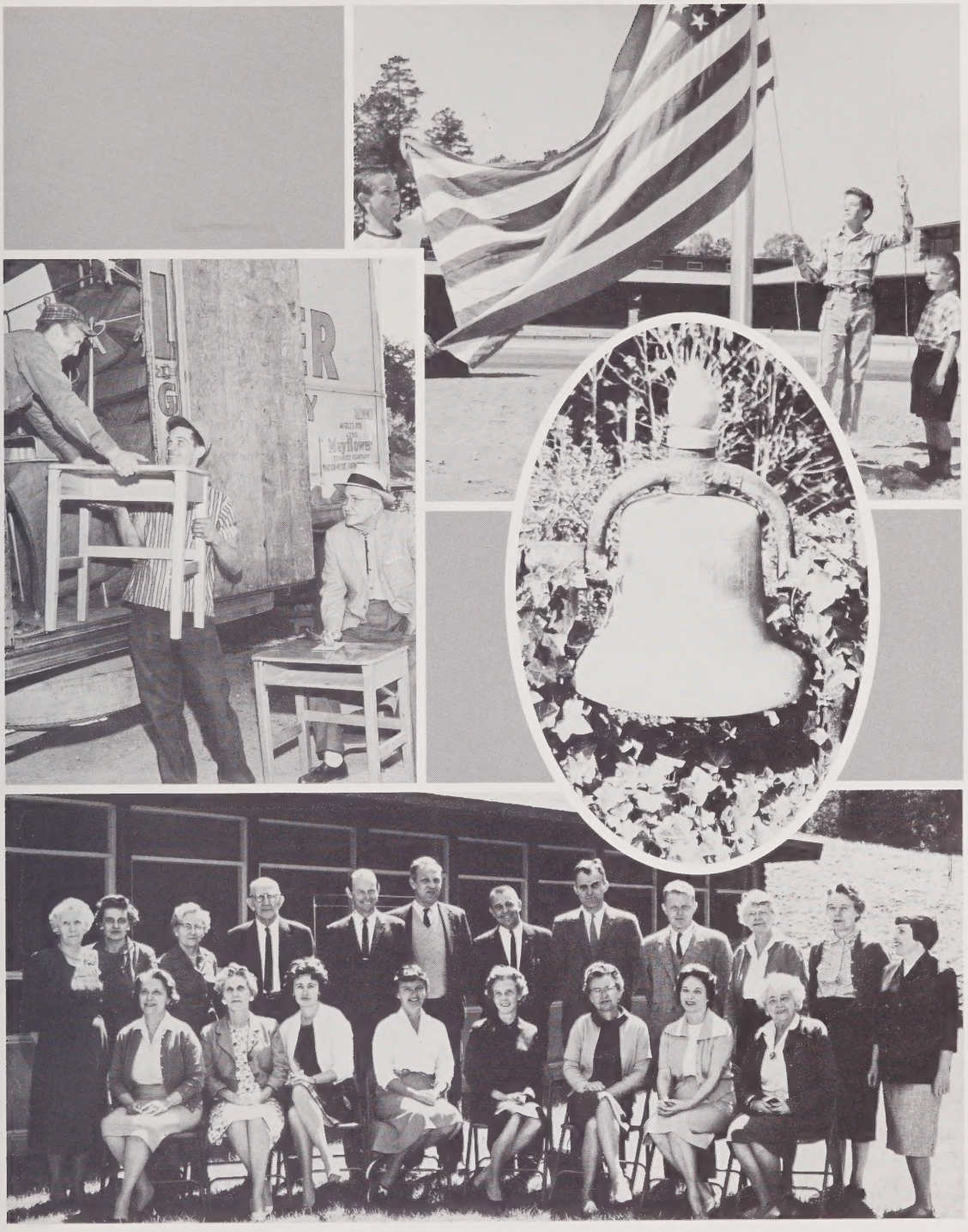
Simplicity remains, and love, and wisdom.

ou are forever a part of our pattern.
e will always know for hands
grown used to wearing life from joys and tears
t is not hard to touch the face of God.

May 1974

The Third Decade

1. First Graduating Class - 1961 (left to right) Ralph Monaghan, Sondra Skoglund, Anne Norburn, Cairn Wicker, Lillian Norburn, Bill McGuffin • 2. Tribute • 3. Marshall M. Abell, Headmaster 1953-1974 • 4. Groundbreaking, 1957



The Third Decade

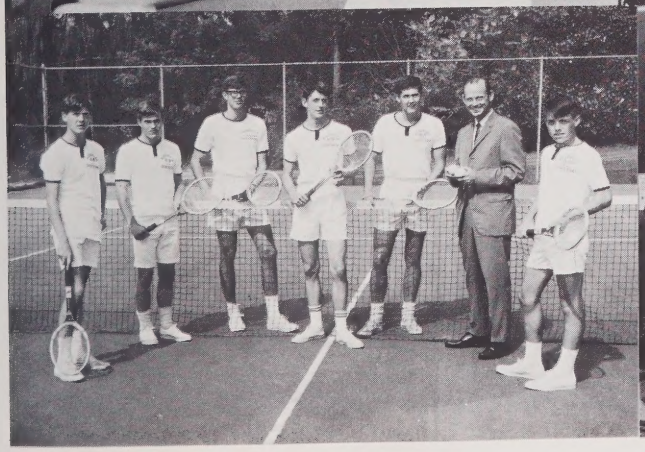
1. Flag raising - left to right: Sandy Lyman, Sammy Bingham, Skipper Lyman • 2. Moving Day: A. W. Clemens counting desks • 3. The School Bell • 4. Faculty, 1961 (front, left to right) Joy MacFadyen, Winifred McCabe, Eileen McCabe, Margaret Harvey, Cornelia Stephens, Catherine Moore, Doris Hensley, Margery Burrowes; (back, left to right) Edith Holmes, Helen Reed, Effie McCurry, Alfred W. Clemens, Jim Hamilton, Al Cates, Marshall Abell, Robert Barrus, Marshall Roberts, Martha Nelle Lovette, Byrl Shontz, Virginia Hamilton

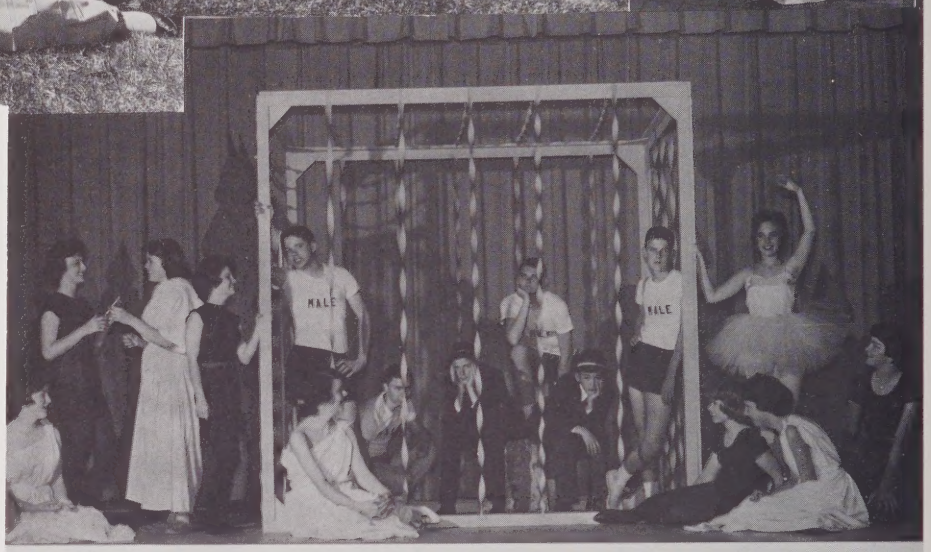
Third Decade, this page, left to right

1. *Highlanders:* Nancy Thorndike, Linda Long • 2. Marshall Roberts and the Fourth Grade • 3. "Mrs. Mac" and the Glee Club • 4. The Thespians present "Half Pint Windahm Rides West." • 5. Madame Burrowes and the French Club

Third Decade, facing page

1. *The Zen Substitute* • 2. "Cabie" and the Sixth Grade • 3. Madame Burrowes and the Latin Club • 4. Cornelia Stephens • 5. Jim Hamilton and stage crew • 6. Tina Smith, Robert Henson • 7. Jim Hamilton and tennis team • 8. Bill Stewart • 9. Laurel Rathbun, Bill Farrell





The Third Decade, this page, left to right

1. The Ninth Grade (1961): Front Row: Debbie Briggs, Craig Coggins, Barbara Huger, Susie Clarke: Second Row: Allison Ward, Kay Ramsey, Mary Norburn, Linda Rathbun, Hatsie Tillinghast; Third Row: Mark Griffin, Gene Hamilton, Richard Sehmack, Clark Norburn • 2. Silhouette Editorial Staff: Front: Cheryl Van Blaricom (the oldest of five Van Blaricoms to graduate from ACDS), Vaughn Polansky: Back: Beth Burns, Tom Farrell, Mike Stenstrom, Margaret Huffstickler • 3. Dean Beck and Candy Bunker: "Tom Jones" • 4. The Thespians, left to right: Craig Coggins, Linda Steiner, Rowena Tillinghast, Kay Ramsey, Bill McCrary, Sarah McCullough, Matthew Gilbert, Tom Brown, Jay Thorndike, Mark Griffin, Gene Hamilton, Susie Clarke, Judy Henderson, Betsy Worcester, Julie Skoglund • 5. Ninth Grade (1960): Front: Ellen McDade, Jan Wall, Pam Youngblood, Sandra Scott, Rowena Tillinghast, Vickie McCarley; Back, Taffy Perry, Julie Skoglund, Gene Hamilton, Jay Thorndike, Mike Woodard, Ann Putnam, Mary Brownell

Third Decade, facing page

1. Ginny Hamilton: Front: Vaughn Polansky, Muffie Michaelson, Lisa Hamilton, Beth Pomeroy, Annie Clarke, Pam Morrison, Vinton Taylor; Back: Jeannie Smith, Sandra Fullerton, Diane Coleman, Mary Beth Van Blarcom, Tracy Morrison, Tina Mallet, Fran Clarke, Debbie Smith • 2. Mrs. Lovette's First Grade (1960): Front: Barbara Woodard, Anne Coleman, Frank Whitman, Cheryl Foster, Stewart Harvey, Jim Baker, Daniel Smith, Mark Clarke, Thomas Bingham; Back: Terry Jones, Robert Porter, Bill Winkenwerder, Patty Johnsten, Rexanne Ballard, Gibson Packer, Bill Coxe • 3. David King and partner at school dance • 4. Bus trip 5. • Eileen McCabe, English teacher • 6. Christmas Dance • 7. Jim Hamilton, athletic coach and drama teacher • 8. Mountain Day: Left to right: Jim Barnett, Fran Adams, Barbara Franz, Bob Colwell, Louise Stephens, Estelle Wolfe, Beth Burns, Rick Armstrong, Tom Farrell, Kathy Smith, Bruce Van Blarcom • 9. Silhouette Business Staff: Ken Cosgrove, Estelle Wolfe, Beth Burns, Nan Jennings, Sam Freeman, Helen McConnell, Charles Morrison, Drew Gennett, Greg Barber • 10. Bruce Franz (the oldest of five Franzes to graduate from ACDS) • 11. Tom Farrell, Bruce Armstrong, Bill Monaghan • 12. A Third Decade study hall • 13. Courtyard scene: Patty Johnston, Debbie Smith, Candy Bunker, Michelle Anders • 14. Marshall Abell and fans • 15. Wintertime • 16. Jay Cheesborough and Nancy Hendricks • 17. Anne Coleman, biology teacher • 18. Varsity Soccer Team, Rick Armstrong, captain • 19. Student Council: Tom Roberson, Murray Chidester, Ken Wright, Tad Wright, Tim Abell, Kathy Smart, Jim Baker • 20. Tea at the Tanners: Anne Hughes, Anne Savory, Margaret Hughes • 21. "Dark of the Moon," Andy Reed, Alex Alexander • 22. Frances Lord, Language Therapist

THE 4TH DECADE

RISING COSTS AND UNREST

If recollecting were forgetting
Then I remember not
And if forgetting, recollecting
How near I had forgot.

—E.D.

Fall has come again. Deserted by the mockingbird, the cherry tree sheds its yellow leaves. At dusk the wind blows sudden and chill, scattering them over the courtyard.

Eight miles southeast of Haiphong on September 1, 1966, the 348th American plane is shot down over North Vietnam. The Red Guard is operating in China with the blessing of Mao Tse Tung, while in East Germany a young mechanic pays $3,000 to cross the Berlin Wall. Throughout the country the presence of segregation is pervasive; the North Carolina Highway Patrol initiates the "breathalyzer"; Lassie romps across the Biltmore Estate in a television episode; at a special news conference in Boston, Jerry Lewis announces, "I am through with television as it stands. It's dull, it's canned, it's tasteless"; and after the Gemini II space flight is delayed by a fuel leak so small only X-rays can see it, astronaut Charles Conrad, Jr., comments: "We have waited a long time for the Gemini II flight. Another day won't make any difference. . . ."

* * * * *

The school opened in the fall of 1966 with an enrollment of 289. Six of the twelve grades in the school were at capacity level with twenty-five students enrolled in each, and of the remaining seven, four classes contained more than twenty students. The school had been designed to hold only 260 students, and now just nine years after the original building campaign and despite the efforts of the ensuing capital fund drives, classrooms were crowded-to-overflowing. There was no space for art or music classes nor for important extra-curricular activities such as student government, dramatics or student publications; even the present gym and the library were inadequate; and the faculty had no offices for tutoring, counseling, or for parent-teacher conferences. Yet once again the school was fortunate to be served by a group of Trustees who were not satisfied with halfway measures. The decision was gradual but inevitable. At a Board meeting on November 17, 1967, the Trustees endorsed a second major building campaign of $300,000. The Building Program Executive Committee consisted of Charles D. Owen, who accepted the position of honorary chairman; George Cecil; Robert Armstrong; Emily Carr; Eugene M. Carr, Jr.; Caroline Colburn; Frances Field; Dr. Bruce Franz; Paul Goodman; Dr. Robert Griffin, treasurer; Dr. John Hoskins; George Pickering; Ray Poston; Zebulon Robinson; Dr. Irby Stephens; John Youngblood; and Marshall Abell.

At the annual spring Patron's Meeting, Board Chairman George Cecil presented architect Anthony Lord's plans for enlarging the school. Again a gift of land from the Biltmore Company provided essential acreage for the expansion. Upon the motion of George Stephens, the patrons commended the Board and enthusiastically endorsed the second building campaign. The nine years which had elapsed had brought great changes to the country's economy, however. Over the past decade expenses had at least trebled to provide the same amount of service. The year 1968-69 saw the continuation of mounting inflation. The Board would face an uphill fight all the way.

At a Loyalty Dinner which launched the campaign on April 10, 1969, Marshall Abell said, "We have now reached another milestone. We must finish the job of completing this school in order to provide adequate space for our children and faculty. There are no frills in this program but rather the fulfillment of basic needs so that we may provide for our children, and those who follow after, the best possible educational environment. I ask that each

of us reflect on the heritage which has been handed to us in trust. I sincerely hope that those who follow after us will be able to look back and reflect on the heritage which, in turn, we have the opportunity to give them."

It is a festive occasion. Tables covered with white tablecloths and crowned with bright spring flowers stretch row on row from the proscenium of the stage to the rear of the auditorium. Leaving her place at the speaker's table, tall, dignified Eleanor Stephens assumes the podium: "Let me share with you," she begins, "a vision. In place of our rather charming little library, from which one part of the school has literally to be locked out when the other comes in, and which is so full that I sometimes expect, on opening the door, to have the contents fall over me like Dagwood's closet—in place of this, for each and all, we should have a great library—not necessarily large, but great in the sense of convenience, function and purpose which will open doors for those 'yearning in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought'." The applause rises abruptly as Eleanor Stephens turns to resume her seat. From her words one glimpses the stature and the quality of service of this educator who has built the school's present library from the ground up, who guards it as a sanctuary of peace and quiet, who manages somehow to fulfill the "many private quests" of students and faculty for the impossible book or film or information. But only those students and teachers who had the privilege of working with her know the immeasurable truth of her heart.

But the library, a second gym and a science building would have to wait. Despite the dedication of the workers, who included representatives of all the members of the school family, and the expertise of the leadership, the second building fund drive fell short of its goal. Only the new two-story Primary Building and a covered play shelter could be built. One trustee lamented the fact that the second gymnasium, which was given top priority on the lists of needs of the school, came out as an open-sided breezeway. Part of this shelter would later be enclosed and this large, windowless, unheated structure became known as the Elephant's Barn. For obvious reasons it was seldom used.

The school opened on September 9, 1970, with a certain amount of chaos underfoot. Teaching space had to be found for the kindergarten, the pre-first, and grades one through three while the Primary was being finished. The Reverend Neil Zabriskie managed to find room for the kindergarten and the pre-first at All Souls Episcopal Church, and grades one through three met in the school's gymnasium. It can be imagined with what eagerness the teachers awaited the completion of the new building.

Linked by a covered walkway to the main plant, the Primary Building was designed to accommodate the slope of the land. Of rock and redwood, with one whole side of glass fronting the woods, from the inside it seemed like an airy treehouse. This was the era of "open classrooms," and so the second floor, which would house grades pre-first through three, was one open unit with movable partitions and blackboards which would allow for either conventional or ungraded instruction. The most unusual touch was carpet on the floor, the walls, *and* the ceiling for acoustical purposes—a gift from American Enka.

Although the Board was forced to assume loans for approximately $85,000, the new Primary Building was completed in 1970 and greatly alleviated the crowded conditions: there was even room for a high school office and the "Mole Hole" no longer had to serve as the business office. With a sigh of relief, the whole school, except the library, stretched out.

As the white clouds chase their shadows over the roof of the Primary Building, Doris Hensley stands at the window of her new office with her coffee cup in hand. Doris has served the school for twenty years as headmaster's secretary and business manager. As the school has grown, so have her responsibilities. Now she is business manager only. The school budget has grown to that of a corporation (this year it totals $321,485), and Doris is responsible for all its receipts and disbursements. Meticulously she bends over the never-ending ledgers of the school, meeting the faculty payrolls, preparing the yearly budget of the school and balancing the books for the annual audit. But there is another side to Doris that the school family has come to know. So they make their way to her office: faculty, Board members, the headmaster, parents and students, drawn not merely by business—to stand or sit for a few minutes in her gracious warmth.

Now at the window she smiles to herself, remembering the surprise of another November day six years ago: The message is "Come to the gym." She does—pushing open one of the heavy double doors—and there, in a blaze of light and laughter, is the entire school, assembled secretly, singing "Happy Birthday, dear Doris; Happy Birthday to you"—and Sam and Parthenia followed by

Miss Edith wheeling in a cake decorated in the form of a huge bank check: "Pay to the order of Doris Hensley . . . $$ LOVE . . . (signed) The School."

So there is the professional business-woman, frugally balancing her books, but there is also this simple scene, sealed in the heart forever: the black taxi pulls away from the curb. Doris Hensley is on her way to Manchester to visit her ninety-year-old Aunt Nellie. For a moment she turns to wave and her face framed in the taxi's rear window is vibrant with life and love shining through the London rain.

The first five years of this decade saw many changes and accomplishments in the school. In 1968, the school said farewell to three special teachers: Effie McCurry, "Curry," who had taught the third grade for twelve years; Winifred McCabe, "Cabie," sixth grade teacher for twenty-three years, and Jim Hamilton, physical education and dramatics teacher for nine years. To "Cabie" and "Curry" Marshall Abell said, "It is hard to say farewell to you who have linked hearts as well as subjects and predicates." To Jim Hamilton, "We wish you Godspeed in your new career as director of the Asheville Community Theater." At this time the school also accepted Verne Rhoades's resignation from the Advisory Board. His service to the school over the past thirty-one years had been legion.

In the school year 1967-68 after some discussion, the Board approved a motion of recommendation that the headmaster sign the Civil Rights Compliance Agreement: "That no person, on the ground of race, color, or natural origin, is excluded, or otherwise subjected to discrimination in receiving services at the school." In April of the same year the Executive Committee of the Board passed a resolution authorizing Marshall Abell and his faculty to pursue the necessary steps toward accreditation with the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. The resolution was signed with the full realization that, first, the Southern Association required teachers' salaries to average $5,100 and most of the faculty salaries were currently below this mark; and, second, that many of the best teachers were not fully certified. Otherwise the school stood in good stead for accreditation. Still these two factors were of prime concern.

Another concern was the widening polarization between the students and the "Establishment." The turmoil of the late sixties and early seventies had begun to darken the campus. Alerted to the situation, the Board established a Parents' League at the request of the administration to aid in formulating social guidelines.

Still growing, by 1968 enrollment was a record 305 with a geographical range exceeding that of any other school in the area. Students came from Black Mountain, Weaverville, Swannanoa, Fairview, Hendersonville, Waynesville, Lake Lure, Brevard and Rosman and all sections of Asheville. Some students traveled 100 miles per day to attend the school while others had only a five minute walk from home. Foreign students were also in attendance. That students came from such a wide area was one of the reasons Marshall Abell worked into the schedule an allowance for five "snow days" during these years.

At the spring Patrons' Meeting George Cecil resigned after serving as Board chairman for four consecutive years. His successor, George Pickering, spoke for the Board, "I consider it a privilege to have served with one who inspires in such a graceful way, and who gives so unselfishly of himself and his time to the matters of the school. He shall be sincerely missed from this Board, but I hope for only a short period." George Cecil's service to the school was by no means over. He remained as Chairman of the Building Committee. At this same time Caroline Colburn also resigned from the Advisory Board. Like Verne Rhoades, her period of dedicated service linked the Learning House on Victoria Road with the Brickschool on Merrimon Avenue to the Courtyard School on Hendersonville Road. During these years, other members of the Advisory Board included Miriam Beecher, William Brosnan, Dr. Arthur Bannerman, Katherine Owen, and Rabbi Sidney Unger.

The year 1969-70 marked the first year of the ungraded system in grades one through three. Initially, the reaction to the system was favorable. In this year Bob Herbert, formerly of the Breck School in Minneapolis, was appointed Assistant Headmaster. It was he who first advocated that upper school students be allowed the month of May to pursue individual studies in various professional careers or areas of interest. Such studies in most cases would take the students off campus into the worlds of business or public service. This program was called "Quest," and though there were many logistics involved in successfully incorporating it into the school's curriculum, it has, over the years, more than proved its value as an intellectual and creative stimulus. In addition, many students have attested to the vocational guidance which it provides.

In these years the Board also wrestled with retiring construction debts as well as meeting rising costs. Nationwide, however, the problem was that costs were rising far faster than money was coming in. The Home and School mothers' sustaining contributions continued to be invaluable. The mothers rolled up *their* sleeves and through rummage sales and carnivals contributed everything from a kiln for the art department to synchronizing the clocks, from gym equipment and tape recorders to funds for teacher conferences.

Yet the Administration faced an even greater challenge: coping with the rapid educational changes and the growing student unrest which was filtering down from the colleges. From one end of the country to the other, the academic community was rocked by crises, and Asheville Country Day School, small though it was and removed from the scene, was to be no exception. The causes of unrest were complex (the Vietnam War was certainly contributory), but one of the major ones seemed to be that ". . . Nothing in the past seemed relevant to the current problems." According to Professor Sidney Hook of New York University, "There was a void in place of an historic sense." One of the most exceptional facets of the school had been the close relationship between students and faculty—here there had been no generation gap—but now the voice of dissidence was heard pleading the cause of "Academic Freedom," and it polarized the constituencies of the school: parent and child, teacher and student, Board and Administration.

But Marshall Abell, as he pursued accreditation with one hand while innovating with the other, steadily steered a middle-ground. Such a policy had been his strength in the past. It would serve the school now. To this end, he requested a specific recommendation from the Board concerning a Hair and Dress Code. The Board took the position that "An imposition of such a code is an infringement upon the parent's right and responsibility to make such decisions." One parent commented, "You are making too much of a passing fad when energy should be focused on the learning process." Marshall Abell agreed, but (particularly in the Upper School) dress had become a symbol, and as such it was a vital issue to the students, teachers and parents.

Besieged on all sides, the Administration took its stand by stating that dungarees or overalls would not be allowed, while socks and "tucked-in shirts" were a requirement. Required also when appropriate were coats, ties and dresses. Girls were allowed pantsuits. Beards, mustaches, headbands, maxi-skirts and "hot pants" were forbidden.

Realizing that an Honor System would be effective at this time, the Administration and Faculty tried to implement one, but the students firmly rejected it. As a result of the student unrest, various committees were established, including the Campus Freedom Committee, the Student Life Committee, and the Academic Committee, all of whose reports were eventually submitted to the Board for confirmation or rejection.

Curriculum was also an area of concern. Educators throughout the country were hailing the *advent* of the "ungraded classroom." The school's Primary was already "ungraded," and in the school year 1971-72 the fourth and fifth grades were also to become "open classrooms," although the latter were sectioned again after one year. An individualized program in math had been instituted in the Elementary Department, self-directed grammar and composition in the eighth grade, elective term-courses in English in the high school, and thirty-one Quests approved for the month of May, in addition to Mini-courses for grades seven through twelve.

The question was, were all of these changes happening too fast: the faculty, itself, was divided concerning the efficacy of some of the programs. It was at this time that Marshall Abell recommended that the school hire Educational Consultants Inc. to conduct a professional evaluation. During the months of March and April, the evaluators conducted some 289 interviews of the school's constituency, and at the annual spring Patrons' Meeting, Board Chairman Jack Madden reported the results. In the evaluators' opinion the Primary was the strongest division of the school. They stated that the Elementary Department should be entirely ungraded; that the Junior High was very satisfactory but that the High School was not. The consultants felt the weaknesses of the High School were inadequate library, science, and physical education facilities and an overloaded teaching staff—all of which could be traced to lack of funds. The consultants praised the excellent and dedicated high school teachers but recommended abolishing the High School or merging it with another private high school in this area.

Even at that Patrons' Meeting, the reaction of the Board to the report was clear. Jack Madden stated that at no time did the Board entertain the idea of abolishing the High School which had proved itself by its academic record over the twelve years of its existence. This was

just one example of a tenacious commitment on the part of Board and Administration to the High School over the years which would surmount the vagaries of enrollment, professional evaluations, and financial vicissitudes. They wanted this High School to succeed, and they literally willed its continuing existence in times of hazard.

The Patrons' Meeting concluded with a recognition of "Miss Edith," who was retiring as dietician after twenty-two years with the school. An era was passing.

At the close of the school year 1971-72, Marshall Abell presented his Twentieth Headmaster's Report. In it he referred to the hazardous financial times that private schools were facing, mentioning the closing of St. Genevieves' High School and Asheville Catholic as ". . . mute evidence of the tight monetary situation. It is now time for this Board, future Boards and parents to match the dedication and loyalty to Asheville Country Day that has been and is so clearly demonstrated by the faculty. With this dedication and proper planning, Asheville Country Day will continue to serve the Asheville community."

Alex Alexander, a 1970 graduate, recalls the strength of the academic program in those days:

"The faculty was deaf to the sort of voguish nonsense passed off as modern education. One would be hard pressed to categorize any course at Country Day as a "basket weaving" exercise; one suspects that had a course in basket weaving even existed at the school, there is no question it would have been preceded by, say, an introduction to archaeology properly splayed with anthropology, politics, and economics. Hands would be muddied digging up reeds at the original sites; libraries around the city, even the state, combed for interesting arcana; and frantic late-night phone calls placed to arrange delivery (with full resort to bribery and only minutes before an unalterable deadline) of the inevitable term paper, typed, with full footnotes and bibliography in university format. Five points off for misuse of a comma was the least one could expect although the penalty could be reduced by half in the case of a thoroughly documented exception (which itself was usually incorrect by Country Day standards) . . . We were well advised to seek our mantras in the library; under the quiet, iron will of the faculty at ACDS, a script including Melville and love-beads essentially did not play . . . Although the school never admitted to providing all the answers, it delivered through uncommon standards the means to sort out the choices."

During the 1972-73 year the Board more than answered Marshall Abell's call for service. Steadily they began implementing the recommendations of the consultants that were considered feasible. A committee chaired by Dr. William Highsmith focused on recommendations to strengthen the High School, and dedication continued to be the watchword of the Home and School Association. Under the chairmanship of Nancy Cecil, the school's first auction was held, netting a profit of $4,735. Also during this year, twenty-one volunteer mothers gave 296 hours of work, assisting teachers in the Lower School. Again and again the mothers had heard the faculty and students speak of the need for a senior lounge. The mothers proposed to finance such a lounge, to be constructed at the end of the junior high wing, provided that the seniors raised $1,000 toward its total cost. And in April of 1973, the Board hired Diane Russell as Director of Admissions and College Guidance Counselor. Her initiative, professional expertise, and commitment were evident from the beginning as she skillfully set about contacting prospective students, strengthening public relations and communications, and establishing a college counseling program. The Board appointed a committee of patrons to assist Diane in identifying prospective students, developing promotional material and in recruitment efforts. In a year which had its ups and downs particularly as regards the High School, Faculty, Administration and Board were heartened to learn that there were four National Merit Finalists in a class of twenty-two seniors.

Curriculum was again expanded in 1973-74 to include courses in zoology, religion and philosophy, Greek and Roman Art, Latin III and a computer programing course involving students in grades six through twelve. A teletype linked the school to UNC-A's computer terminal. Enrollment had fallen to 293, however, because of a number of factors, among them improvement of the public schools and the increase in tuition. To fund this year's resulting deficit, continue payment on the building fund deficit, and finance needed improvements, the Board was forced to assume a loan of $200,000, stating that it recognized the gravity of deficit financing for operating expenses but at the same time saw such financing as the only means currently available to upgrade the school. On October 15, the senior lounge was completed through the untiring efforts of the Home and School Association, but ironically it became the subject of controversy concerning student smoking privileges requested by the Campus Freedom Committee. The Board voted to grant this permission to students in grades 9 - 12 providing they had written

parental permission.

In times when the weight of his job became unbearable, Marshall Abell said it was his habit to endeavor to step apart from the school in order to view it objectively—as one apart. On the night of November 7, 1973, he took the final step: after twenty-one years of service to the school, Marshall Abell tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees to become Headmaster of Bayside Academy in Mobile, Alabama. The response delivered on behalf of Asheville Country Day to this resounding change speaks for itself:

To Marshall Abell

Your life will pattern Asheville Country Day for more years than we will live and when you do not touch anymore the things that can be touched nor hear the sounds and music that remain behind—there is something of you with us still. For the tangibles are not the whole. Simplicity remains and love and wisdom. You are forever a part of our pattern. For hands grown used to weaving life from joys and tears, it is not hard to touch the face of God.

Marsh stands lingering for a moment in the bare office. Gone are the children's art from the walls and his favorite picture of the school. His opera records are packed and the desk is bare. He looks once more out the window across the athletic field, deserted now in the soft, morning's light. This is the last time but somehow he doesn't accept that. He can never leave this school. He will be called back again driving down a lonely road, or standing in a crowd, or shaking a young boy's hand—in all seasons he will be called back to the Courtyard School and the faces that belong there will be unchanged—as though it is still yesterday and the days between never were.

Upon receiving Marshall Abell's resignation, the Board formed a Search Committee chaired by Charlotte Lunsford and on February 18 the position was offered to Nathaniel Saltonstall of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Yale and Wesleyan Universities who had been headmaster of the Lancaster Country Day School and Chestnut Hill Academy in Philadelphia. For the past two years he had been Executive Director of Independent Educational Services.

At a meeting of the Board on March 27th, the headmaster-elect told the Board that he was opposed to students' smoking and that he would welcome Board members' opinions on the subject. As regards his philosophy of education, Nat Salstonstall said,

"I am a classic academician who is yet open to new concepts in education. I believe students need structure, but I believe there is also a place for open education. Certain students will thrive in one situation and be abysmal failures in another. . . . The old concept of raise your hand—look straight ahead is gone. I do think, however, that youngsters need to know where they stand. When I was a youngster—eons ago—I can remember that I wanted to know what was expected of me and where the limits were. I think students today still want that. I think we do them a disservice if we don't let them know what those limits are. . . ."

In selecting Nathaniel Saltonstall as headmaster, the Board had chosen a man who could and would, diplomatically but courageously, draw that line and hold fast with a tenacious will for the ultimate welfare of the school's constituency.

In the courtyard the dogwoods gleam like snow, and bees hover about the clusters of flowers on the lilac azalea in the traffic circle. Nat Saltonstall pauses for a moment, checking for his handkerchief. In a few months he will become headmaster. Nat has asked for this meeting, expressly requesting that it be a meeting only between him and the students. He thrusts the auditorium door open and strides quickly down the aisle.

Most of the students see the man who stands before them as a stranger who is about to bring unwanted changes into their lives. Many of them feel threatened and fearful—some are hurt, some angry. Now, row after row, face to face, they confront the man whom they perceive to be the source of that anger: a stern man stepping to the podium, his face flushed, his blue eyes resolute. In the tangible silence he clears his throat. If its emotional price determines the value of an action, this moment will be added to the tally of his life. He speaks to the students briefly. Then he asks, "Are there any questions?" And the questions come, hurtling at him out of a cloud of hurt and bewilderment and anger: "Will you revoke the smoking privilege?" "Is it true that you plan to close the senior lounge?" One young girl asks earnestly, "How do you justify a Spoils System?" Firmly Nat replies and the students listen but they also watch.

In the end when it is over, emotions have been vented.

The students go back to their classrooms. The questions are still there, but the man who will shape the direction of the school in the next five years, the man standing alone before them with the perspiring face, has made an impression. He is no longer a stranger. "This is the way it is going to be," he has in effect said. "There are such things as good rules. They are the stepping stones out of confusion."

* * * * *

Wallace has supervised the removal of the split-rail fence around the courtyard and replaced the cherry tree that died last winter. Now at Nat Saltonstall's orders he is repainting all the doors in the school—red, blue, yellow—bright colors which he is not so sold on. "A new broom sweeps clean," thinks Wallace to himself, "but something tells me this new broom is going to sweep cleaner than most. Let's see. The gym doors are supposed to be maroon and yellow. Now where did I put that yellow paint?"

Returning on the first day of school, the shocked faculty and students notice Wallace's painted doors. Who wouldn't? But the gym doors—the gym doors are painted a glaring, jolting maroon and yellow!

"What's wrong with that?" asks Wallace defensively.

"Why, Wallace! Don't you know? Those are Ben Lippen's colors. We can't have our gym doors painted **their** *colors. We just can't."*

"You tell him," says Wallace.

That fall students found themselves immediately involved in a new "S.O.S." (Serve Our School) program. Every student from grades four through twelve helped with maintenance and general improvement of the school. Students cleaned classrooms, worked as assistant librarians, tutors and teachers-aides (assisting, for example, in a special Saturday morning physical education class for the smaller children). The objectives of this program were to strengthen student involvement in the school and concern for school property. In addition three committees were established, consisting of representative students, faculty and Trustees, to improve the communications between Board and students and to make recommendations to the headmaster concerning the improvement of student and academic life. There was no lack of communication. And there was little time to spare on negative reflections.

"Country Day," said the new headmaster in retrospect, "like similar schools in the early seventies was undergoing a period of enrollment decline, questioning of priorities, and institutional introspection. It was into such an academic climate that I came. Four major areas of undertaking," he said, "needed to be addressed: first, strengthening the academic program; second, reestablishing a greater sense of community and the need to feel more a part of and responsible to the school; third, broadening the geographic base; and fourth, assuring fiscal soundness."

The task was made easier by Nat's selection of Mike Clarke as Upper School Head. "Lady Luck was with me when I came to Asheville Country Day in many vestiges, but the most important was in the person of Mike Clarke. Mike's innate sensitivity, his imaginative creativity, his limitless durability, and his wonderful sense of humor made the realization of many difficult objectives easier, if not routine. The years ahead were to prove busy, eventful and challenging."

During Nat's first year, the work of the School Relations Committee which the Board had established in 1974 under the leadership of Dr. Paul Lerner was intensified. The function of this committee was to act as a liaison in facilitating communications between Asheville Country Day and St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall regarding future co-operation or even a possible merger between the two schools. Also at the instigation of the headmaster, more extensive fringe benefits were scheduled for the faculty and staff and a grant was secured to be available for the 1975-76 school year for two minority students commencing at the ninth grade level and concluding at the twelfth; the first annual Sports Banquet was held in the spring and three new awards were presented at graduation: the Trustees', the Headmaster's and the Melissa Ogden Memorial awards.

At the annual Parents' Meeting (the name had been changed this year from Patrons to Parents), Paul Lerner paid tribute to Board chairman Al Kriek who had given so generously of "time beyond measure" to see the school through the last three years—years of travail but also years of progress. In presenting his report, Nat stated that the transition-year had gone smoothly and thanked the faculty members for their dedication to the school.

Swept up in the enthusiasm of the Saltonstall-Clarke administration, a faculty committee undertook to rewrite the school's philosophy with an eye to future accreditation. In the spring of 1976, the following statement was unanimously adopted by the Board and the Faculty:

"Asheville Country Day School views education as a creative process by which persons acquire and implement skills and attitudes which enable them to realize their maximum potential as human beings. We believe that an independent day school offers the ideal opportunity to educate each child through mutually shared involvement of student, parent, and school. We strive to assist individual development and encourage the growth of curious, imaginative thinkers who can communicate and act upon ideas. We trust that each student will realize the need for a consistent set of personal ethics, a concern for the human community, and compassion and affection for other people.

"Asheville Country Day School's program endeavors to promote discussions, activities, and experiences that will deepen each student's ability to understand, to analyze, and to question. Education is a continuing process without limits of time or place; accordingly, each student is afforded learning opportunities through classroom experiences and through active involvement with the intellectual and cultural resources of the community.

Objectives

It is the expectation of the Asheville Country Day School that *each* student will:

Learn to reason in a logical manner while simultaneously mastering the computational skills needed to meet the demands of our ever-changing world.

Gain a deeper understanding and appreciation of all fields of science through theoretical and empirical approaches.

Develop physical strength and agility, exercise good sportsmanship, and gain an appreciation of both competition and cooperation.

Live with compassion and understanding.

Nurture a love of learning and intellectual curiosity.

Strive to develop and to live by a sense of personal ethics.

Be personally responsible and self-reliant.

Uncover, nurture, and develop innate creativity throughout the total school experience.

Learn the importance of good health and appreciate the interdependence of mind and body.

Progress in the ability to make sound decisions.

Understand the complexities of the modern world and make a lasting commitment to community involvement in our democratic society."

During the difficult transition year and afterwards, the hospitality of Nat Saltonstall and his wife Betsy was unstinting. The Saltonstalls entertained the Board, the faculty, the seniors, the alumni, area headmasters and their wives for dinner or lunch, or party, or coffee and dessert. The doors of their home stood generously open to all members of the school family. On a Saturday in the fall and in the spring, "Work Days" were held during which parents, faculty and students came together to "refurbish" the school—painting, planting, building. There was a contagious excitement afoot. These were good days. Mike Clarke organized International Day, Criminal Justice Day, and even "Foxfire Day," when the students had an opportunity to view Appalachian artisans at work. Under the supervision of Diane Russell, the first College Night was held at the school, presenting an opportunity for students to interview the college representatives of their choice. The Physical Education Program under Don Scarborough's leadership also offered new opportunities including girls' field hockey and a soccer day camp. The first issue of *Focus*, the alumni publication edited by Emily Carr, appeared. Chaired by Harriette Winner, the Annual Giving reached a record high and the first series of parent-faculty grade meetings were held during which respective teachers discussed curriculum with the parents.

Behind the scenes, however, all was not so optimistic. Enrollment in September 1975 was only 252 despite a vigorous recruitment policy. The Administration trimmed expenses and focused on continuing to strengthen the academic program and provide diverse extra-curricular opportunities. After weighing its relative merits, it was decided to eliminate the "open classroom" concept in the Primary and adopt a trimester system in the High School in order that a greater diversity of courses could be offered, including archeology, careers, public speaking, creative writing and typing. Nat Saltonstall and the Board fully realized that even with strict budgeting, annual receipts were more than offset by the annual deficits and that they must find a viable plan to repay $168,000 still owed on the initial $200,000 loan. The school was forty years old in this National Bicentennial year, yet ironically, enrollment was still as crucial to its existence as it had ever been. At the end of the fourth decade, four teachers retired whose combined years of service to the school equaled eighty-two: Martha Nelle Lovette, Frances Lord, Catherine Moore and Eleanor Stephens. *Focus* carried the following tribute:

We have kept many springs in common
Saw the fall bring bereavement and renewal
Together learned to bear the weight of winter.

"You leave the whisper of a song in these near trees
A footfall lingering
We will remember that you passed this way."

Lockers clash and bang. The halls teem with life—then suddenly empty though no bells ring. From her desk at the front of the classroom, dark-haired Madame Tanner distributes the weekly vocabulary tests with the pungent scent of mimeograph fluid still clinging to the handwritten words. Outside the slanted windowpanes, the hot dry wind of May rustles the leaves of the magnolia tree: George Cecil climbs from his car and enters the glass doors of the high school. "Madame Tanner," he says, towering at the door of the French class classroom, "voici quelques numeros de 'Paris Match' pour vous et vos etudiants de francais." And Madame Tanner steps from behind her desk. "Merci," she says, her dark eyes glowing. "Merci, infiniment, Monsieur Cecil!" She knows the responsibilities of this man's day: "Nos etudiants aiment tant ces revues parisiennes, et ils sont tres reconnaissants de votre obligeance." Simone Tanner, whose first home was Lyon, is known by what she loves: France, good food, everything that grows including, and, above all else, her students. They, in turn, when she and her husband Ernst become American citizens, drape a red and blue banner across the front of the school. It says, "Congratulations, Mme. Tanner on your citizenship!" (congratulations to you who bring fresh vision to ours). As Madame Tanner throws wide a door into the land of the Seine and the Loire, just across the hall a Flamenco dancer twirls on a cabinet door and a sculpture of Don Quixote ambles across the bookcase on a sagging Rocinante. Here Jeanne Griffin makes pilgrimage with Cervantes and Unamuno into the beauty of another great language. The students call her just Senora, for in that word they recognize the grace of that great romance language which has captured her heart and they think "Like to Like." So she is simply Senora and with her they share their hopes and fears and dreams.

One room down, the windows frame the blossoming crabapple tree. But the flowers of the tree hover only at the periphery of the mind, for this is the math room and concentration is the watchword. Here the students learn accuracy, the miraculous precision of numbers, the triumph of order. In addition they come to know Catherine Moore—teacher, counselor, friend.

Down the hall, across the campus, the last class of the day: art with Robert Henson and how the students' steps quicken. Here in this art-jumbled room, they create their own visions guided by Bob Henson's helpful suggestions, his skilled hands and eyes receiving their artistic horrors and their masterpieces with a benevolent democracy. A facet of the mind freed—joyously tunneling up and out—the hands of the lucky ones almost magical.

"Mr. Henson, take a look." "Mr. Henson, what do I do now?" "Mr. Henson, do you like it?" And Bob Henson, his hair tousled, his green eyes intense, his hands patient—a smile not far away—somehow always finding the time for each of them.

* * * * *

It is a spring night of 1970. Tom Lynch has just finished setting cabaret chairs in place for the Follies and now he walks toward the rear of the auditorium, turns and studies the set: French doors framed in a flowery arch, stage center, a claw-foot bathtub painted to harmonize with the gothic motif, left front. He loves doing this. What if instead of an architect, he decides to become a set designer. What would his parents think? It would be taking a chance.

"Oh, well," he says to himself in the darkness at the back of the auditorium, "it doesn't hurt to dream."

Sixteen years later, Mary and Ridgeway Lynch preview Leonard Bernstein's new opera **A Quiet Place** *in Vienna as guests of their son Tom, the set designer for the production. When the curtain rises on the third act of the opera, there on stage before them, like a jewel set into that magnificent theater, is their barn red cottage at 20 Inglewood Road—the house in Thomas Wolfe's hometown that Tom grew up in. There is the white Dutch door and the octagonal window and even the oak tree, the shadow of its gnarled limb reflected in the picture window. It has been fashioned for them with painstaking love out of a dream.*

* * * * *

Number 9 on the mimeographed list: "Research the description of Thomas Wolfe's angel and sculpt its likeness." Melissa Ogden, her face flushed under its sprinkling of freckles watches as Mr. Henson swings open the kiln. The white gleaming angel is there, lying on its back—its widespread feathered wings almost filling the oven.

"Can I lift her out?" asks Melissa.

"I think she's cool enough," says Mr. Henson.

Wrapping the angel in a rough, green towel, lifting it carefully out, setting it on the counter upright—standing back, studying it—the haunting words return: "It had

come from Carrara in Italy and it held a stone lily delicately in one hand. The other hand was lifted in benediction, it was poised clumsily upon the ball of one phthisic foot and its stupid white face wore a smile of soft stone idiocy."

Isn't she special?" says Melissa, beholder of beauty.

"Yes," says Mr. Henson, "she is."

And Melissa—so bright—so eager to learn—life's scholar gypsy, cradles the white alabaster angel in her arms.

* * * * *

The day before Thanksgiving in Wolfe's Asheville is a magic day. The young bundle up against the sharp November wind and push and squeeze as near to the curb as possible to watch the Christmas Parade pass by. Then if you are a student from Country Day, you stand there in the cold November wind—hungry—yes hungry is the word, because here come all the city and county schools with their raza-ma-taz bands and beautiful majorettes and prancing drum majors, and always the dazzling floats. Then if you are a girl from Country Day, you think how great it would be to ride a shimmering float in a long white gown—to feel the wind in your hair and your bare shoulders and cheeks crimsoning in the wind, to wave and smile like a beauty queen, never minding the cold just once in your life; and if you are a boy from Country Day, you think, "Our girls are just as pretty as theirs. They should be riding on a float like that." The parade passes by. And you wander home hungry—hungry is the word for it. Emily Dickinson says, "Hunger is a way of persons outside windows, that entering takes away."

That's when Alex Alexander announces: "We are going to have a float! By Thanksgiving!" With nose flat up against the pane, you baby-sit, rake leaves, bake cookies, and wash dishes, undertaking any scroungy job to raise the needed $250. And finally you do.

That Thanksgiving the parade is different if you are a girl from Country Day riding through the streets of Wolfe's Asheville on a sleek, shimmering cloud of red and white blooming with poinsettias, feeling the cold November wind in your hair and your shoulders crimsoning, never minding the cold, never minding the leaf raking—waving your dishpan hands and smiling like a beauty queen just this once in your life—just this once. And if you are a boy from Country Day standing at the curb half-frozen, watching your girls go by, smiling up at them and waving, you say to yourself: "Yes, our girls are the prettiest in the parade. They are by far the prettiest." And the parade passes by. And you go home triumphant. Because entering in, is triumph.

* * * * *

Or there is the unexpected: suddenly Ben Lippen's left wing bears down in the steady rain on goalie Hunt Mallett. "Cover it! Cover it!" Hunt is on the ball—deflecting it, and in the same smooth movement with a twist of his leg, he sends it soaring down field. Time is running out. Ben Lippen, with a victory streak of 87 soccer games, undefeated in ten years, has tied the score: 3-3. Trent Van Blaricom passes the ball to Joe Foreman, right inside. Ben Lippen's defensive halfback closes fast, but Joe swerves aside at the last second and drives the ball to right winger George Chumbley. Ben Lippen's halfback wheels, but it is too late. Like a hawk George Chumbley tight circles the ball and with a strong swift kick drives it past the desperate leap of the goalie. The game is over. Ben Lippen! Beaten! Suddenly Coach Hamilton is surrounded by jubilant players. Usually so serious, he is smiling in the streaming rain because he could never learn—just simply doesn't know how—to settle for second best.

* * * * *

And the romantic: Jackie (Robinson) Gouge says to her five-year-olds in gym: "Now make a big circle by joining hands and pulling back."

The circle forms except for one little boy who refuses to take the hand of the little girl next to him.

"Go on—take her hand," says Jackie, "she won't bite."

"No, but she kisses," he says.

* * * * *

During these years the last room in the high school on the left is a work-center: here the yearbook staff spends long Friday afternoons and the lights spill through the slanted windowpanes late into the night. You decide to join the staff and hire on as typist. "Plink, plank, plinkety, plunk," goes your typewriter while the scribble of pencils is punctuated by the scrub of erasers. You are bound in camaraderie on a creative enterprise. Still you are free. So you stay. Half of the adventure may be the ungodly hours.

Mr. Saltonstall is new on campus. This is the year he joins the staff. One Friday afternoon he just walks in and says, "I'm here to help." It's his way of getting to know you. Everything in the room grows more decorous. Voices grow softer and definitely more selective. The air

is more businesslike, except for your typewriter which begins to go "plink, plank, ffftz, plunk." Mr. Saltonstall works fast. His typewriter always goes "plink, plank, plinkety, plunk." It wouldn't dare not. In three Fridays he has twelve ad pages done and leaves. Your typewriter settles down to its "plink, plank, plinkety, plunk," again. Finally, 84 pages are done and on a Friday afternoon Josten's yearbook representative comes to check them. Then the company reveals it has changed the copy measurement: 81 of the 84 pages will have to be done over on the weekend in order to meet the deadline. The editors appear to abandon ship, leaving you and the rest of the staff shuffling disconsolately through the rejected layouts. "The world is out of joint." But then the editors return with a chocolate cake! And Mr. Saltonstall is not far behind.

"Hand me my twelve pages," he says and sits down to redo them. "Plink, plank, ffftz, plunk," goes your typewriter. Mr. Saltonstall works fast. His typewriter zips along, "Plink, plank, plinkety, plunk." Of course it would. By 1 P.M. Saturday he has redone his twelve pages. He leaves behind the pencils' scribble punctuated by the scrub of erasers and your typewriter resumes its "plink, plank, plinkety, plunk" deep into the night. You make the deadline!

* * * * *

Earlier nights at Country Day have proved memorable too: an arsonist has been torching the schools, one by one, in a consistent pattern, moving toward the Henderson County line, heading steadily north with his weekly disasters, edging ever closer to the school. "The school must be protected in this exigency," Marshall Abell decides, and he commissions a nightly vigil composed of Bob Henson, Don Scarborough, Bill Stewart and himself, each with rifle in hand. In addition, he alerts the Biltmore Forest police who promise to patrol the school every night. The four vigilantes settle in, scheduling shifts: two are to sleep, while two patrol. The signals are set: one shot if by the front; two if at the rear.

All is quiet on the first night until 3 A.M. Bill and Don are on separate patrol. Suddenly two shots ring out. Answering the signal, the other three vigilantes rush to the rear of the school, around the north side of the building. A car, its lights burning, is stopped dead in the middle of the side road leading to the school. The motley band of vigilantes draw together and approach it slowly. Suddenly they are caught in the white flare of a spotlight: "This is the Biltmore Forest police. Don't shoot. I repeat. Don't shoot. We are vacating the premises. I repeat. We are vacating the premises immediately."

And vacate they do, refusing to come near the campus for the duration. Three more nights pass. The vigilantes are nodding off in the middle of their own lectures. On the fourth night the school-burner is apprehended before he crosses the county line. Everybody heaves one big sigh of relief. Especially the Biltmore Forest police. Ten-four.

* * * * *

DO YOU REMEMBER: selling raffle tickets for the spring carnivals, the pillow fights in the courtyard and Kimmy's Kissing Booth; having a gymnasium for a classroom and being citizens of the town of Snufalufurgus: buying playtime by passing tests: learning early the trauma of bankruptcy; Joanne Pankow's cricket falling off the newstand in Times Square; a trip to the British Isles with Elizabeth Lanier; biscuits and gravy at the Hot Shot and gourmet breakfasts at the Tanners; flu shots, courtesy of Dr. Griffin; practicing elocution in the "Elephant Barn"; rolling the school in blue and white and fishing the paper out of the treetops afterwards; traveling up the yellow Brick Road; battening down the hatches and shipping aboard the **Pequod** *to explore the universe with dark Ahab; Moliere's* **High Brow Ladies** *with flammable wigs;* **Dark of the Moon** *and "No Never Alone," with Priscilla Robinson and Andy Reed at the pump organ; Gwen Hancock efficiently balancing Chemistry Class and the lunchroom; Awards Day: in front of the whole school receiving back from Mr. Abell the quarter you found that winter in the courtyard and turned in to Marian Ramsey; Titan sleeping one off in the courtyard.*

Remember: yielding up the "Five Snow Days" to a Yankee headmaster from Maine who wears short sleeves in January and doesn't believe in closing school E-V-E-R: plowing through snowdrifts, muttering "Just another day of contagious excitement afoot," or wondering, on the slalom down Interstate 40, if Country Day doesn't also offer a course not officially listed in the curriculum called "Survival of the Snowshoe Rabbit" or better still, "Hang Loose." ("Don't sweat the **small** *stuff.")*

Remember: raising money at the flea market for the fabulous soccer trip with coaches Don Scarborough and Mike Stevenson, playing a ten game schedule in Poland which began with a police escort from the Hot Shot Cafe; exploring 6,546 miles of the American West with Amy and Mike Clarke, visiting Chaco Canyon and the haunted land of Hohokham "the people who went before" where drifting clouds blindfold the incandescent sun; then traveling to Europe, to the foot of snow-crowned Jungfrau,

standing before towering Chartres and the paintings of Rembrandt and Van Gogh, more vivid than life itself:

"For Beauty is a great spell upon the children of her youth
She is a half-song
That they cannot be remembering
Or forgetting —"

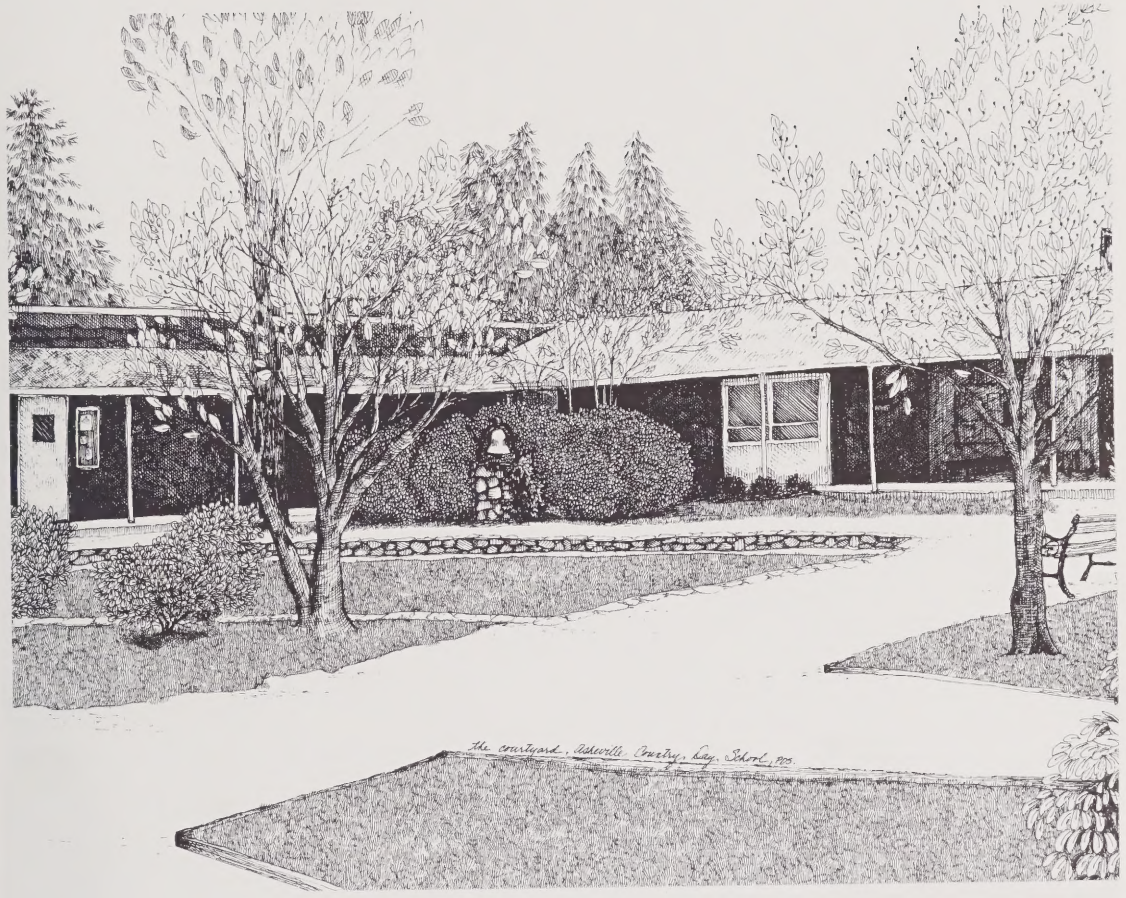
Remember the pep rallies; Mike Clarke's Morning Meetings before "another exciting day of education" begins and slipping in late, later, latest; camping in the rain to study biology on fog-shrouded Mount Mitchell; basketball games with the faculty and stylish, wily Argyles, cheering: "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic—Taught to the tune of a hickory stick—Lick 'em good! Lick 'em better! Lick 'em best! Faculty!!" Orientation Day at Camp Rockmont, bridges to cross, bears prowling: "Out of bed or a bucket of water on your head!"; The Faction; Wednesday Dress-up Day; Archi Logical expeditions; college applications; Thanksgiving Day and turkeys served up with Comment Card stuffing; and Floyd Forbes straightening endless chairs and still finding time to share a smile, a word. Remember white-water rafting with Mr. Lape, swirling up the crests of the rapids, shooting to the sky and plunging down the troughs—crying out with the fearsome joy of it; carrying the burden at being an Outsider, but hanging in there; sitting in the library or in a classroom, listening, or at home before a stack of homework . . . and a door opening suddenly, imprisoning you for a lifetime ("If your plan is for one year, plant rice; for ten years, plant trees; for a hundred years, educate men");

"Finally, I suppose that the most important value of liberal arts study is the attitude it can create: a desire to learn long after one leaves school. An urge to make as much sense out of the world as one possibly can. . . . I realize that these studies aren't for everyone. But I grow concerned when critics reduce them to mere amusement. Because I think it is good for our society to have some people around who have been exposed to letters *and* to science. These studies tie us to our cultural traditions, and more importantly, they tie us closer to one another. . . ."

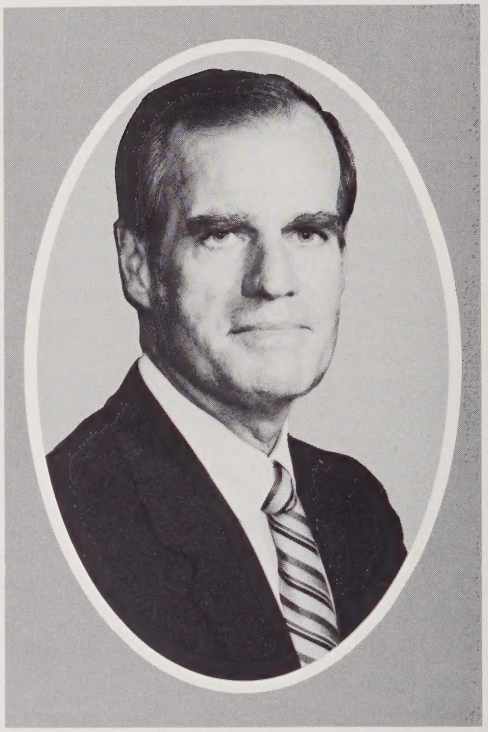
Peter Bachmann
Graduation Address, 1976

. . . crossing the courtyard for the last time. (Thomas Wolfe has said it: it will never be the same.)

Each of the last twelve years you have posed for your picture in the courtyard by the bell, growing with the dogwoods from child to near-adult. Here in this informal open platform you have shared precious moments with your friends—students and teachers—and you spoke not only of present studies but of life and the future—where life would take you afterwards. Wherever that is now, or will be in the future, you will never quite be remembering or forgetting the Courtyard School and the timeless "half-song" of its days. This is *the Past.*



The Courtyard School: 1958-
1345 Hendersonville Road



The Fourth Decade, left to right

1. Nat's cabin • 2. Nathaniel Saltonstall, Headmaster 1974-79 • 3. A courtyard meeting with Nat

The Fourth Decade, left to right

1. Mike Clarke, Assistant Headmaster, 1974-79 • 2. Doris Hensley, Business Manager 1951-84 • 3. Diane Russell, Director of Admissions, 1973-79 • 4. Nat Saltonstall

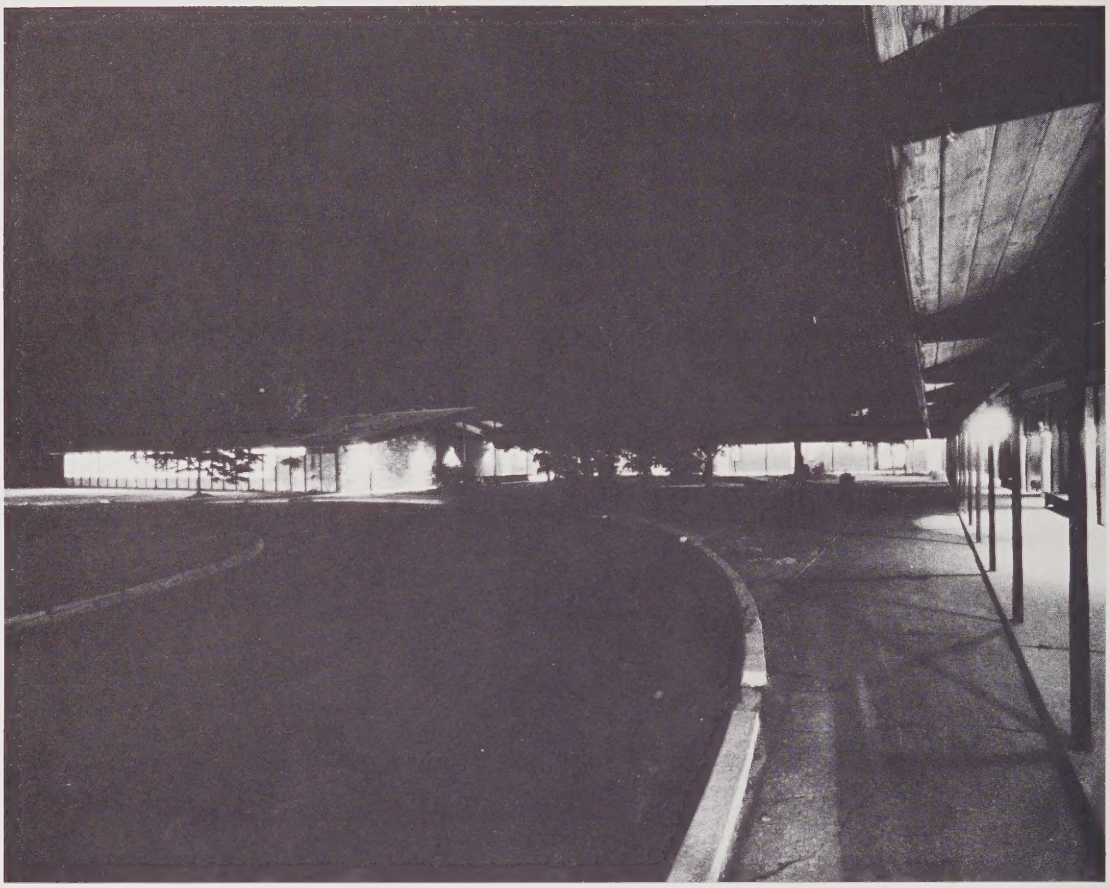
Fourth Decade, this page, left to right

1. A.C.D.S. Cheerleaders, 1967; front: Nancy Jennings, Estelle Wolfe, Mary Beth Van Blarcom, Mary Louise Barber, Helen McConnell, Barbara Franz, Kippy Keever; rear: Tina Mallett, "McKinley," Carolyn Kahn • 2. Catherine Moore, Dean of the High School • 3. Gwen Hancock, Chemistry • 4. "The Insider"; Peter Bachmann, advisor • 5. Gene Hamilton, Director of Athletics • 6. Eleanor Stephens, librarian • 7. "Miss Edith" Holmes • 8. Diane Wondisford • 9. Exam time

Fourth Decade, facing page

1. Class of 1970: Front row: David Wright, Frank Roach, Chris Abell, Edie Plimpton, Alex Alexander, Raymond Farmer, Dan Westinghouse, Warren Harris; Back row: Susan Fullerton, Dick Miller, Conrad Madden, Lamar Stinnett, Bill Kaghan, Fran Greenberg, Lisa Hamilton, Andy Reed, Chris Larsen, John Brooks • 2. Simone Tanner, French • 3. "Curry" and Cabie at retirement • 4. Jeanne Griffin, Spanish; Helen Reed • 5. Don Scarborough, Director of Athletics • 6. Class of 1971: First row: Elizabeth Chidester, Melanie Link, Jan Plimpton; Second row: Tad Wright, Mimi Horner, Diane Youngblood, Marcus Henry, Tom Roberson, Mark Dickerson, Tom Lynch, Gary Brittain, Cleve Devault, Tim Abell • 7. Steve Longenecker, Cornelia Stephens • 8. Jim Adams on Quest • 9. The Christmas Float: Marsha Crouch, Charlotte Chakales, Lisa Hamilton, Edie Plimpton, Brenda Madden, Dianne Youngblood, Fran Greenberg, Susan Fullerton

ASHEVILLE COUNTY



THE 5TH DECADE

PLANTING THE FUTURE

Each life conveys to some centre expressed or still —
Exists in every human nature a goal —
Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be too fair
For credibility's temerity to dare —

—E.D.

Over the summer the poplar tree has grown taller. Now it points the long straight arrow of its shadow over the roof of the Courtyard School.

For twenty-seven minutes in September, 1976, Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford in blue suits stand in silence on a blue stage during the Philadelphia debate: the sound system has broken down; in Peking, China, waves of Chinese enter the great square, each holding a white flower of mourning: Chairman Mao is dead; in Zurich, Henry Kissinger says, "If there is no progress, violence will increase in South Africa. This is the time to prevent an escalation of bloodshed"; from prison in Connecticut, Gordon Liddy states, "My decision, taken four years ago, not to discuss Watergate matters is* not *under review"; Patty Hearst appeals her sentence for bank robbery in California; the average SAT score declines for the thirteenth consecutive year; Alex Hailey's* Roots *is scheduled by ABC; and in Kentucky Paige Tarver, ten-year-old student at Asheville Country Day, wins her second World's Championship in Saddle Seat Equitation on "Vanity's Live Wire."

The summer of '76 had been a vibrant, busy one on campus: a theater group called The New Stage (twenty-three "starry-eyed kids," said the *Asheville Citizen*) presented five professional productions at Country Day . . . alongside a Wilderness Day Camp, a Soccer Day Camp, and an arts and crafts program.

Beginning the fifth decade under Charlotte Lunsford, the Board's primary concern was the reduction of Country Day's indebtedness, and by 1978 the first major capital funds drive in more than nine years had raised $203,070. Meanwhile through substantial auctions, the mothers of Home and School bought new school equipment and materials, enclosed the Elephant Barn, and managed even to help finance the school's new roof. The number of parents supporting Annual Giving at times exceeded 66%. By 1978, alongside capital improvements, the debt was reduced from $167,500 to $80,000 and new faculty benefits now included health insurance, extended sick pay, a retirement plan, and free lunches.

A second major concern of the Board was accreditation by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. One of the non-negotiable criteria for accreditation was that the head of the school must have fifteen hours of graduate study in school administration. It was a surprise to the Board and Nat Saltonstall that the Southern Association was inflexible regarding this standard despite his seventeen successful years as a headmaster. "It is not my intention this far along in my career," he said, "to return to graduate school to study administration." So again things were at an impasse and the accreditation for which the Board had waited patiently remained out of reach.

Major accomplishments of the 1977-78 school year included the school's reinstatement as an active member in the North Carolina Association of Independent Schools as a result of a self-study completed by the faculty; the establishment of a stimulating Student Exchange Program with Abington Friends School and Providence Country Day; Home and School's introduction of an Antique Lecture Series under the chairmanship of Nancy Cecil and Claudia Ogden; and the initiation of a Nursery Program for three-year-olds, three days a week. That April the first Faculty Appreciation Day sponsored by the Home and School Association under the leadership of Grace Pless was held, and at the annual spring "Work Day," parents

redecorated, planted, and generally spruced-up the campus.

But then on June 12, 1978, Charlotte Lunsford read the following letter to the Board:

Dear Charlotte,

A decision such as the one conveyed in this letter is never easily reached since its implications are many and far-reaching. Nevertheless, it is one I have reached after thoughtful deliberation. . . .

It is my intention to resign my position as Headmaster of Asheville Country Day School at the end of the 1978-79 school year. I ask the Board to accept my decision which has been reached with a variety of feelings. . . .

Most sincerely,
Nathaniel Saltonstall,
Headmaster

A number of reasons had prompted Nathaniel Saltonstall's decision, including his conviction that the school should move toward accreditation and that his lack of course work in administration was "a major roadblock," and his opportunity to work as Director of Consultant Services of Independent Educational Services at Princeton. Leaving the school with Nathaniel Saltonstall were Mike Clarke, who had accepted a position in industry, history teacher Herb Lape who would work with the Friend's Society and Diane Russell who would open her own counseling service. Nat Saltonstall typically directed his positive energies toward making his last year the best of the five.

It was decided at this time to conduct a thorough investigation to determine whether a merger between Asheville Country Day and Saint Genevieve-Gibbons Hall would be in the interest of the community or whether each school could serve the community better by operating cooperatively but independently. Throughout the fall, representative committees from each school investigated the feasibility of a merger. Asheville Country Day's committee, chaired by Dr. Reuben Holden, included Robert Bayer, George Cecil, Charlotte Lunsford and Gran Childress. In January of 1979, however, St. Genevieve-Gibbons Hall terminated deliberations on the merger much to the regret of Nat Saltonstall and his Board. Still, communications between the two schools remained open.

Another primary concern was the selection of Nat Saltonstall's successor. Mort Ryon chaired the Search Committee, and in a special session on March 6, 1979, the Board of Trustees unanimously offered the position as ninth headmaster of Asheville Country Day beginning July 1, 1979, to Erich Loflin Cluxton, graduate of Yale, and currently Assistant Headmaster of Packer Collegiate School in New York City. Erich Cluxton had assured the Board he would actively pursue studies in administration necessary to qualify him as head of a school to be accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools.

Writing in the June, 1979, issue of *Focus*, Nat Saltonstall commented upon the school's accomplishments during his administration. In the five years that he had been headmaster, the school had reduced its overall indebtedness by more than 50%. Significant enrichment of the academic program included expansions of staff and facilities in the creative arts: lower school music and drama and upper school drama; a comprehensive science program from kindergarten through senior year; courses in archeology, sociology, comparative religions (in which even parents enrolled), art history, public speaking and library science. And steadily the Upper School had continued to produce its National Merit Finalists—three this year—crowned by the school's first Morehead Scholar.

In saying his farewell, Nat Saltonstall paid tribute to his faculty: "The strength of a school lies in its faculty, of that I have not a single doubt. That our school is so strong is a testimony to you. 'Thank you' for all you have done for our school and for me over the past five years. God bless each of you!"

For the last time in the sunbright courtyard, Nat speaks to the sixteen graduates who sit solemnly beneath the poplar tree, the girls in their long white dresses, holding tight their crimson roses, the boys in their pressed dark suits. It is his custom at graduation to present a sketch of each senior. Now he warmly and affectionately calls each name: "Benjamin Holt Abell"—and Ben rises squinting proudly into the sun. "Elizabeth Grace Pless"—Beth reaches the first step, and her mother, Grace, steps forward as chairman of Home and School and lovingly tenders the diploma. Nat watches—his austerity for a moment breached—his eyes misting at the sight of the two dark heads bending together. "Nathaniel Stewart Saltonstall" (and you my golden son, who clasps my hand so hard

in the bright promise of your love—farewell, fare infinitely well. . .).

* * * * *

Of the many "firsts" since Nat himself came through the auditorium door early that spring, two students stand in bright relief.

He was in the beginning always alone: Johnnie Hemphill—the first black student to enroll in the high school. Now after three years, Johnnie is one of the most popular students. All through ninth grade it was as though there was a wall between him and us and Johnnie could not find the door.

"There is a wall, Johnnie, and the door through it never was. The wall exists because our skins are different colors, Johnnie. That shuts you out. So you stay on your side of the wall and we'll stay on ours. That's the way it has to be, Johnnie. You cannot cross over the wall."

So all during the first year, Johnnie stays on his side of the wall—shy, reserved, silent: he never says a word but he searches for a door that is not there. And the wall stands smooth and firm.

Then in the second year, one of us from our side of the wall crosses over to Johnnie's side. We wonder about this: white skin, black skin together on the other side of the wall. What will happen next? How did Johnnie's friend slip through? It's then we notice the thin crack wrinkling crazily down the smooth face of the sacred wall. And Johnnie? Johnnie—wise, strong, valiant—never says a word from his side of the wall.

In the beginning of the third year, Johnnie joins the yearbook staff. He works from his side of the wall. Warm, loving, lonely—he never says a word but he no longer searches for the door.

Then one night, facing a deadline, we hover together over a big desk. To ease the tension, Johnnie teases one of us across the wall who has just finished typing reams of copy for a layout.

"I think I'll change this layout," he says.

"Oh, no, you don't, Johnnie," we say from across the wall. "You do that and we'll give you one big white eye."

Silence—a frightening silence—then one of us from across the wall laughs suddenly and on the other side of the wall Johnnie laughs back and the laughter rises, ripping and tearing at the crack in the sacred wall, splitting it wide and wider yet—riving it apart—and with a great roaring sound the wall comes tumbling down.

"Ah, Johnnie, Johnnie—you are so fair!"

* * * * *

Bright in our memory but frigid in the winter night, Eileen Sheehan huddles under a mass of blankets in her adopted family's unheated third-story loft with a flashlight and her book. Rather than leave Country Day when her own family moved to Washington, D.C., Eileen arranged to stay with a local family in return for housekeeping chores. She also works at school to defray tuition costs. Eileen is Country Day's Vagabond Scholar, devotee of Shakespeare's sonnets ("... would I be gone, Save that to die I leave my love alone"), a dynamo of Irish wit and wisdom, charging about campus in her overalls—in love with life and learning and this school. Dashing into sixth period history, her long chestnut hair tucked up under a railroad cap, she focuses on Mike Clarke. Then a knock ("... even to the edge of doom") is heard at the door. "Sorry to interrupt your class, Mike, but something has happened at Country Day that never has happened before," says Mrs. Russell. The students exchange anxious glances ("When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes ...").

"We have our first Morehead Scholar—Eileen Sheehan." ("For we which now behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise.")

* * * * *

REMEMBER: Nat's Churchillian gaze over the eye glasses: "Is that your final decision?" (i.e., "It had better be"); the senior lounge losing its ashtrays and doors; Jean Clegg's Bicentennial Christmas program; gnomes-gnomees: Winter Weekend; Betsy Saltonstall's brightening the Lower School with her art classes; Mr. Forbes watching practice from a cafeteria window and tossing out the first baseball against Christ School's Greenies in the last spring of his life; one orange sports car going, going, gone at the auction; Ben Abell's one hundredth career soccer goal; yearbook Belles and Beaux under the Spanish moss at Charleston's Boone Hall, courtesy of the Hudsons; Laura Lee Carpenter forging sixteen hoop skirts from wire and tape; stopping traffic at the Market Place: "What movie are you filming?": "The South's Going to do it Again"; Howard Ray's gothic cathedral fashioned for Art History from toothpicks and glue; a headmaster's log cabin, fashioned from grit and determination; Chipper Lunsford shedding his worn jeans for a tux; a Santa, whose height and girth and voice change annually, dispensing poetic gifts from the Saltonstall's

hearth.

Remember *above all the gifts of the faculty during these years: unlocking the door to knowledge through Ginny Hamilton's key of language; grasping the "Big Picture" with Mr. Lape; mastering Pam Dickson's "Ropes Course";* **Slouching Toward Bethlehem** *with bearded June Grimes "winging a class" better than most teachers prepare one; Diane Russell's faith that "You* **can** *do it"; traveling with Don Scarborough to England—discovering a new land* **and** *discipline, team work, and caring; enduring Ron Strom's hard questions until finally you take a stand; surviving Mike Clarke's "Prison Simulation"—somewhere finding the courage to look within and face your own strengths and weaknesses. There is an old Zen saying, "When you get to the top of the mountain, keep climbing." In the end this is what these teachers have given you—the skills and confidence to climb the mountain, and more important than this, the will to keep on climbing; Fare well my friends. This* **is** *the Past.*

* * * * *

The newest headmaster, briefcase in hand, strides across the courtyard toward his class, his well-cut suit complemented by a jaunty bowtie. At his heels the great blue dog Jäger is tempted by a scurrying squirrel, but follows his master through the wide glass doors and down the hall.

"Into your tent, Jäger," orders Erich at the door and Jäger obediently heads for a corner of the room—its confines marked off by a thick rope lying across the carpet. Throughout the next fifty minutes the dog will remain there, his eyes on his master, waiting for the word that he can cross the rope.

When Erich Cluxton looks up to address the class, he sees before him each girl garbed in a pristine white shirt and a jaunty bowtie. In a way it is the highest compliment the girls can pay the young headmaster; in another, it becomes a question of respect. The line must be drawn, the rope must be laid, but with tact. Not a line furrows Erich's youthful brow to indicate that anything is awry (even though by the end of class several bowties are).

"To win votes," he begins, "both Democrats and Republicans have tried to be all things to all people. Could you tell me by what statement Thomas Jefferson endeavored to promote party parallelism in 1800? Diana?"

So the class begins. At the end of a business-like period, Erich always makes assignments.

"Read Jefferson's correspondence pages forty through ninety and, oh yes, pages ninety-five through one hundred and thirty. Jäger, come."

The bowties groan in protest, and the great blue dog rises and stretches and crosses the rope. As the door closes, a buzz rises within: "Don't you think he noticed? He must have. He didn't say a word . . . how strange."

That night Diana reads her history assignment and on page ninety-five, Jefferson's "Letter to his Daughter":

Annapolis, Dec. 22, 1783

My dear Martha,

I omitted to advise you on the subject of dress, which I know you are a little apt to neglect. I do not wish you to be gayly attired, but that your wear should be fine of its kind. Above all things and at all times let your clothes be neat, whole, properly put on but never slavishly imitative. . . .

"Hello Abby—have you read your history assignment? Well do it right now. Read page ninety-five and call me right back!"

* * * * *

Asheville Country Day had chosen Erich Cluxton to be its ninth headmaster, but Erich Cluxton had also chosen the school: he was impressed with its enthusiasm and dedication. Joining Erich in administration as Assistant Headmaster were Robert Pasco, a graduate of Williams and the University of Virginia, and as Director of Admissions, Angela Hines, a graduate of Meredith. With customary "Intellectual Fortitude," which was to become the watchword of his administration, Erich Cluxton addressed the challenges of his first year as headmaster. He promptly enrolled in classes at Western Carolina University aiming to complete the process of Country Day's accreditation by 1982. The die was cast. Like their headmaster, teachers not completely certified had a year and six months to acquire proper credits. The Board funded education courses by Mars Hill College which were taught on campus to assist the faculty in obtaining certification and hired a consultant who, with the Steering Committee led by Rob Pasco and Bob Henson, guided the faculty through an intense Self-Study. In March, 1982, the long-awaited Accreditation Visiting Committee chaired by Dr. James Hendrix, Headmaster of Greensboro Day School, arrived on campus. This visit was to be an historic milestone for the school. "We did it!" opened Erich's excited letter of announcement to Country Day parents: "Our accreditation is complete and marks an historic achievement in the school's forty-six year history! The Committee was struck by the warm atmosphere which pervades the school; by the high quality of relationships

between faculty and students and within faculty and student groups; by the high professionalism of the faculty and staff; and by the commitment of students to the learning process and to the school in general.''

In significant combination, the same year Robert Pasco's soccer team went undefeated and again won the CAA Conference Championship. The Highlanders met their only defeat in the State Championship semi-final game to eventual champion Durham Academy. The Girls' Softball Team, coached by Maura Supinski, was also undefeated during regular season play.

On a winter night ''by the saffron coils of my portable electric heater,'' soccer player Ben Baldwin ('76) recalls the ''hard earned heroism'' of a bloody knee.

''From that first infernal day of practice in August, it was always the same—no matches until after the first of September, and until then the tedium of endless drills, the piercing pain of anaerobic exercises, and the monotonous ritual of taking the field promptly at 3 P.M., every day without variation, only to sustain bruises and exhaustion of body and mind before retiring to the dark, damp locker room at 5, with no more ahead in sight than a long night of arduous study.

''But it got better. Someone opened up that dusty old box in the storage room, and our first rewards were at hand. Uniforms, time-honored and glorious blue and white threads to give it all some meaning . . . maybe a little worn and musty, maybe not the new ones we had requested, but uniforms all the same. The second season, the better season, the real season always started here. . . .

''Oh, sure, sports are just a way to sublimate man's passion for violence—but who could disdain a man's fond recollection of the smell and taste of mineral lime that so kindly lined the fields of his youth or the noble desire to impress that girl on the sideline (faceless then and faceless now because there is always such a girl)—or the utter loss of perspective stemming from the opiating highs of victory or the please-let-me-be-miserable depths of defeat—or the anticipation of adolescent mischief precedent to an overnight road trip or long bus ride with the cheerleaders—or the ever-encouraging hoorays from fans, and most especially, from the parents—or simply wanting to be the best?

''Remembering, remembering, sifting through the images . . . sitting in one of those pine-green vinyl booths along that right hand wall of the Hot Shot Cafe one September morning of that distant sixteenth year, absorbed in the close-knit camaraderie but burdened somewhat by the heavy if not downright uncomfortable feeling of pancakes or French toast in the pit of your stomach that you somehow don't mind because it wouldn't be right any other way: and the gutsy talk and the confidence welling up and if you were honest you'd concede maybe a bit of nervousness too; and of course the coach's nostalgic meanderings and pre-game strategy; and to supplement the menu a soupçon of booktalk/girltalk/whatever you will talk—it's a big day ahead and living for game time, counting the hours and then the minutes, a little saddened that the reprieve from homework is but temporary, and . . .'' finally ''the strawberried skin stuck to the bedsheets'' next morning by a fortitude, not of intellect alone but of the heart.

In his first year as headmaster on a visit to a number of prestigious East Coast colleges, Erich Cluxton learned that the various admissions directors uniformly held the school's academic program and the Asheville Country Day students who had been accepted in their respective institutions in high regard. Erich was gratified to know that he had a firm basis on which to build. Under his leadership on May 10, 1980, the Asheville Country Day School Alumni Association was formally established. Official bylaws were drawn up and Dr. William Turbyfill, Jr., ('66) was elected first president; Diana (Dini) Cecil ('75), vice president; Curtis Youngblood ('67), vice president; and Eugene (Gene) Carr ('77), secretary-treasurer. At the end of this school year after founding *Focus* and serving as its editor for five years, Emily Carr resigned. Under her guidance *Focus* had become an outstanding alumni publication, and she left an exceptional journalistic legacy. The editor's mantle fell to Judith Talley, upper school English teacher. ''Why this commitment?'' asks Emily Carr. ''Because Asheville Country Day School through lean and rough years has never lost sight of its original purpose—quality education. Its primary concern is with the individual. Concerned teachers give the student encouragement to develop a sense of self-worth, the knowledge of which will benefit him or her in whatever direction his life will take. . . . Though the term has changed from patron to parent over the years, by whatever name parental commitment is the same. You become a member of the school family and as such you share its responsibilities as well as its privileges.''

In the spring of this year, after teaching English for twenty-two years, Cornelia Stephens retired. Also at the end of this school year, the Nancy Hendricks Chees-

borough Memorial Award in Music was established.

During the second year, 1980-81, of Erich Cluxton's administration, Dini Cecil accepted the first office of Director of Alumni Affairs and Development, and Gran Childress realized the goal for which he had been striving throughout his tenure as Board Chairman: a final payment removed the remaining $37,000 of indebtedness. After eleven years, the school was finally debt free! According to Gran Childress, the Board's dedication was "akin to a 'religion' . . . there was a real conviction that Independent Education was important and that ACDS had a mission which only it could fulfill." From Board and parents to faculty and students, uncommonness had become, simply, common.

Take Christopher Kuhl. He is only 29, an expert Outward Bound teacher: tall, dark, with mischievous crinkly eyes who sometimes sits upon his long legs under a tree like a thin, lonely Buddha, and when he is in the lunchroom by himself rests his head upon his arms. That's when someone says he has Hodgkins disease, but he never says—instead he shows us the fascination of the hard clear logic of numbers, he smiles, says something witty, and the haunted look leaves his eyes.

At the end of the play, he is the one who gives the red roses to Pamela Knaack because he has heard that she said of all the people in the school she most wanted Christopher Kuhl to hand her the roses. So he does with the mischief shining in his eyes though Pamela and he don't get along too well because Pamela doesn't like math and she is pretty dramatic about not liking it.

When Mr. Kuhl returns in January to his home in New Jersey, he gives a book to the library. On its first page he wrote, "Just as there is a large gap between the telling and the actual experience of an Outward Bound course, so is there one between the telling and the understanding of cancer and its treatment. There is only one way to understand and that is 'to know by experience.' "

Christopher Kuhl died on February 8, 1981. He was only twenty-nine. On the last page of the book he gave us, it says:

Everything goes down to dust
And knowing that I also must
Why should I live in fear?

No man's world forever stands
Though carved in stone by artful hands
Each age renews its truths . . .

But soul another journey makes
Another realm for home it takes
The One reclaims itself.

As evening darkens down to night
Awake within to find the light -
*The silence there is Shining.**

He taught us more than math.

* * * * *

And so with Robert Pasco: we see you in our mind's eye, coach and teacher, crossing the courtyard after practice with Ogle a white shadow at your heels—and remember "to live life to the fullest, keeping an eye out for the unexpected eddies and rising pools. . . ."

When in 1983 Erich Cluxton decided to take a post as headmaster of the Shore Country Day in Boston, he left a major legacy—accreditation perhaps the foremost but, equally significant, a debt-free school accompanied by increasing enrollment, long range planning, greater self-esteem and four Apple computers. Erich's last year saw a record for Annual Giving as, chaired by Charles D. Owen, Jr., the fund exceeded its $100,000 goal, and the establishment of the Summer Discovery program under the leadership of primary teacher Susan McMichaels. An exciting enrichment program for bright, talented children in grades one through six, it proved a spectacular success and has continued to grow in each successive year. Erich also left behind another tradition: Grandparents' Day which was first held in November 1981 under the direction of Dini Cecil. Erich's last major administrative appointments were Dr. Howard White of Chatham, Virginia, as Assistant Headmaster to succeed Robert Pasco and Deborah Ewald, who followed Penny Morrell as Admissions and College Placement Director. "The institutional achievements notwithstanding," says Erich in retrospect, "I look back at my years at the school and remember most the individual faces of the people. After all, it is the people who make a school great. I recall with great fondness the many members of the faculty whose dedication to children and to Country Day was inspiring, especially in my "down" moments as head of the school. The warmth of these individuals, their love of children and their respect for each other gave the school more a feeling of an extended family than an institution. The students, too, affirmed that family atmosphere and relationship."

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* a student poem from *To Know by Experience*. By permission of the North Carolina Outward Bound School.

Erich's dog—the great blue weimaraner, Jäger, has slipped into Wallace's heart. To let it happen wasn't wise. Wallace knows a man becomes vulnerable when he loves anything too much, but Wallace dropped his guard and when he turned around the dog was at his heels—his big cool eyes the color of a rainy windowpane reflecting back Wallace's blue ones. Wallace wasn't the only one who'd dropped his guard. Each morning Wallace and Jäger climb in the school van and go out for breakfast. Jäger sits up front, ears lifted, his pale eyes shining with excitement, studying the black-ribboned road as though he is driving. They head for Biltmore and McDonald's where Wallace pulls up to the drive-in window.

"Two ham and egg sandwiches," orders Wallace (it never varies). "Easy on the ham in one." (Jäger's order is always on the house.)

Now standing at the corner of the courtyard, Wallace waits to see his third headmaster leave the school for the last time. The blue dog at Erich's heels bounds forward at the sight of Wallace and the van. The young headmaster's parting handshake is warm and firm. Jäger watches hopefully but Wallace makes no move toward the van. "Jäger, come," calls Erich, but the great blue dog hestitates. Pale as a rainy windowpane, his grey eyes study Wallace and in them for the last time Wallace sees his own reflection: My friend, Fare Well. Still Wallace stands there, watching the car drive off. And the great blue dog looks back unexpectedly.

REMEMBER Wallace: fighting the Titusville Boiler with its rotten pipes and (when he lost) the unexpected holidays; leaving school for coffee each time Steve Longenecker held his reptile class; picking teachers up in Nat's red Jeep on snowy days; taking Cabie home—the two of them "on the town," detouring by the Farmer's Market, or for a Coke or hunting a bargain; "swapping the breeze" at the edge of the courtyard, with the blue cap slanting forward over his eyes; Wallace, smashed hard under the ribs with the Christmas Spirit, adorning the courtyard with hundreds of midget lights sparkling bright into the cold crisp nights.

* * * * *

In the courtyard above the bronze school bell the golden leaves of the poplar tree are trembling in the wind. DO YOU REMEMBER: cheering from the slope as Brian Kriek, his curly hair tied back with a red bandanna, carries the ball down field like a singing poem in the sun-lit afternoon; John Folckemer's and Phillip Harris' careless grace and Bill Owen, tenacious keeper of the Highlander's goal, blocking the arc of a ball driven high and deep with a clean knifing drive on the sun-bright afternoons of October.

Remember the trips to Beefeaters; the Duke's Men's Concerts and the "Afterglow"; Mike Morris' golden trumpet; the "never-say-die" SPIRIT of the Pep Rallies; the record of your college admissions being recorded on the wall of the high school office where everyone can witness your wins and your losses; the dark room adventures; crossing the courtyard in the dim twilight of March under an early evening star; Oliver Hilz's prowess at chess; the hill-born magic of Fran Clarke's **Mountain Lore***; big black Titan stealing the love-scene in* **The Glass Menagerie***; the guidance of Faculty Mentors; the challenges of interim; the classic mementos in Rob Pasco's desk; refurbishing Erich and Linda Cluxton's house in the beginning; Linda planting daffodils around the log cabin; Erich's annual announcement of Thomas Jefferson's birthday; in the end playing "quarters" in the courtyard twilight; Simone Tanner, her dark hair streaked with a strand or two of white, bending for a moment over the roses she has planted. She will not come again with briefcase laden along these paths, but until her seventh graders are seniors, her roses will bloom—bowing their scarlet heads to the passing days. Fare Well, friend, crossing the courtyard at my side. White star and blooming rose and bell. The sun-bright days are fleeting. Fare Well. This* **is** *the Past.*

* * * * *

It is the summer of '83. Wallace stands at the exit of the high school, waiting for the new headmaster. The door at the opposite end of the hall swings open, and Jim Rumrill strides purposefully down the corridor. Since his arrival, Wallace's list of "Let me sees . . . " has grown noticeably longer. Jim Rumrill is big on campus maintenance. Wallace keeps telling himself that when the new headmaster settles in, things will ease off a bit, but he is not at all sure of it. Major summer projects are the conversion of the school kitchen to a lower school art room and the rennovation of the library. Wallace's intuition tells him he is about to embark on a third.

"Wallace," Jim Rumrill says, "look at those mud puddles."

Wallace stares obligingly out the glass doors at the swampy terrain, but inwardly he smiles to himself. He has been coping with that muddy path for twenty-two years.

"The passageway from building to building is soaked. Back where I come from, we'd call that a river," Jim

Rumrill says.

Wallace agrees. "I'll build it up with some more bark," he says.

"No, Wallace. We need something more permanent. Something like a boardwalk. Yes, a boardwalk would do the trick. Let's see what can be done about a boardwalk running from building and encircling that entire wing."

"A boardwalk?" says Wallace.

"Yes," says Jim Rumrill.

"Well, let me see . . . Yessir, a boardwalk might do the trick—all right," says Wallace.

They stand there face to face silhouetted against the glass doors at the end of the corridor—both tall men—one not taller than the other.

"You tame that river, Wallace." Jim Rumrill smiles—his reserve broken by a sudden warmth. He turns and walks down the hall.

Behind him Wallace stares out the glass doors at the swampy path. "A boardwalk." He smiles. He likes this tall handsome man. "Well, one thing's for sure. Things are gonna be ship-shape around here. We're in the Navy, now," he says to himself.

The Board's third Search Committee in nine years, chaired by Jeanne Cummings, had selected Jim Rumrill as headmaster in March of 1984. A graduate of the University of Florida, he held a Master's degree in International Relations and Russian studies. He was a captain in the United States Navy with a record of twenty-nine years active and reserve service. He had been associated with the Porter-Gaud School in Charleston for seventeen years, most recently as assistant headmaster, and for the last six years had served as headmaster of The Catawba School in Rock Hill. A long-range, sea-worthy perspective guided by fairness, social concern and community involvement were to set the tone of Jim Rumrill's administration.

Realizing that the school was on the threshold of a period of major growth, Jim Rumrill instructed Independent School Management's Pierson Melcher to conduct "a thorough physical—a full scale health diagnosis of the school" as guidance for crucial administrative and development decisions. Upon receiving this institutional assessment, the Board made the decision to establish an official, uniform salary system, eliminating all inequities. The Board then turned its attention to the scholarship program: six Trustees' Scholarships were established for grades nine through twelve. These merit scholarships would be awarded on the basis of competitive exams and interviews. In addition thirty-five need-based partial scholarships were offered.

This transition year was to be a year of positive accomplishment: Sonna (Thomson) Reinheimer was appointed Alumni and Development Coordinator and with Jeanne Cummings and Charles Nesbitt as co-chairmen, Annual Giving resulted in 83% of the parents participating and 100% of the faculty; the Kennerly property, two acres and a house, contiguous to the northern boundary of the campus was purchased for the new, separate preschool center which opened in 1984; Home and School established an Enrichment Fund designed to assist teachers and staff in pursuing graduate study, research and travel; the Ginny Hamilton Lower School Award was created; an American Field Service Student Exchange was established (Wallace had predicted it; things were getting shipshape for sure); and in the words of Jim Rumrill "The Student Life Committee finally hammered out a school honor code—a declaration of integrity within our school family: we can always cite our demanding college preparatory curriculum. . . . Of far greater importance in my view, and much more to the point of answering the question, "Why Country Day?" are the intangible values of education at this school: the building of character, of a sense of honor and service, the affirmation of self and one's fellows, and the love and concern manifested for every member of the school family. . . . Yes, we are preparing youngsters for college, but more than that, we are preparing them for life."

At the end of the school year after serving Asheville Country Day as Business Manager for thirty-three years, Doris Hensley retired. In appreciation of her years of service, the school designated May 21st as Doris Hensley Day, and the entire school family joined in the celebration.

But the year was not quite over. On June 29th there was a called meeting of the Board. As in 1979, a merger with St. Genevieve's was again being considered. A liaison committee consisting of Carter Bagley, Jeanne Cummings, Brian Lavelle, and Claude Ramsey, Jr., was appointed and with tentative hopes, discussions commenced. The merger was once again postponed, however; for in the spring of 1985, St. Genevieve's Board voted to postpone hiring a consultant to evaluate merger potential. The two schools synchronized calendars and continued their policy of mutual co-operation.

The 1984-85 school year opened with a near-record enrollment of 333 students. John McMichaels became head

of the Upper School, and the school's new Business Manager, Harry Maroni, supervised the computerizing of all business office operations. The focus now was clearly on the future. Over the past forty-nine years, the school had struggled to make ends meet without benefit of any major endowment. In January of 1985, the Trustees formally established the Asheville Country Day School Endowment Fund to raise $1,000,000. Income from this Trust would be used to fund financial aid for deserving students and limited capital improvements. Meanwhile the Jubilee Committee, led by Barbara Nesbitt, was anticipating the school's 50th Anniversary in 1986. Historian Richard Pandich organized the archives and presented a pictorial history of the school. He paid tribute to the teachers of the past who had in his words ". . . impressed on me the tremendous responsibility of looking out for the welfare of the whole child."

"Poised on the threshold of a half-century is exhilarating," said Jim Rumrill, "but it can also be intimidating. How best to pass the Country Day torch from those who brought our school to life in the past to those who will carry it into the future? How to gear for our future even as we honor our past? How to ensure Country Day's celebration of its centennial in 2036?"

* * * * *

Meanwhile someone else has his eye on the future. "I've got secret plans and clever tricks," clicks Mrs. A in her hungry crocodile voice, holding up the picture of a tall thin crocodile with fierce yellow eyes. Librarian Mary Allbach, blue eyes flashing above rosy cheeks, rules a magic kingdom of books: big and little, thin and fat, short and tall. Second graders in the Courtyard School press close about her knees to hear Mrs. A read the last story hour of the year ("I love to hear a crocodile click . . . It's so much better than arithmetic").

"He whizzed past stars and planets, until . . . with the most tremendous BANG!!" (the children jump as Mrs. A's voice explodes throughout the kingdom) "the Enormous Crocodile crashed head-first into the hot hot sun, and was sizzled up like a sausage!" cries Mrs. A with obvious delight, on stage now in her Courtyard Kingdom by the bell. And the children cheer.

* * * * *

Not far away, rippling with laughter, consistent as the seasons, Ginny Hamilton determinedly teaches her famous "phonics" way to read, write, and think. "What happens in the beginning years of a child's education," says Ginny holding tight to her method, "is equally as important as the first year in college." Ginny's approach is also the "whole child" concept so evident at Asheville Country Day: "Circle right, circle left: use your pencils and your arms* and *your bodies. . . .," says Ginny to her 4 year-olds. Her colleagues say Ginny never has a "down" day.

Major accomplishments of the 1984-85 school year were the founding of the Martha Nelle Lovette Music Endowment on October 22, 1984, (a Martha Nelle Lovette Lower School Scholarship was also established); the institution of an after-hours Day Care Program for lower school children; the first issue of the modern Country Day *Star*, the student published newspaper; and a noticeable increase in student activities both on and off campus. Student community service projects included such activities as helping with Quality Forward's clean streams' program, and serving as volunteers at the city hospitals and at Deerfield. In keeping with the school's tradition of academic excellence, the graduating class of eleven students included two National Merit Scholarship Finalists and two Commended Scholars.

Over the years, the sports program has grown by leaps and bounds. "Our athletic program is the front porch of our school," says Director of Athletics Ernie Lasher, "for it is the most visible in the community. We have two major goals: to work continually to serve a wider range of students (the program is central—winning and losing fall where they may); and to encourage the character development of our students; it is essential to us that our students learn how to accept both losing and winning, and that they emerge stronger and wiser for the experience." In 1985-86, 80% of the students in grades 6-12 were involved in the program. Presently the school fields three soccer teams, two field hockey, four basketball, two tennis, two golf, one baseball, one-cross country, and two softball teams and is a member of a two-state conference: the Carolina Athletic Association, North and South divisions.

Major academic accomplishments in the last three years include the increased emphasis on the interdisciplinary correlation of the academic program; the extension of Advanced Placement Tests for college which now are offered in English literature and composition, Calculus, French, Art History, and U. S. History; the hiring of full-time computer-science specialist Dr. Harold Miller and the school-wide extension of the computer pro-

gram (at present there is a computer in each lower school classroom in addition to the computer center at the school); and an emphasis on teaching methods in the Lower School which incorporate the advantages and freedom of the open classroom while retaining the structure of the individual classroom.

In 1985-86, the school began its 50th anniversary, with an enrollment of 323. It served 238 families from ten counties. In this year and last, students had come from England, India, the West Indies, Portugal and Chile. In fifty years the enrollment had grown from 53 to 323, the operating budget from $7,200 to $1,300,000, and the faculty and staff from 4 to 46. Both on and off campus, the school's Jubilee was a year of special celebration, of renewal of friendships, of recommitment to the past and dedication to the future. In Jim Rumrill's words to the school family past and present, "Studying our past helps us in forecasting our future. It can keep us humble, even as it inspires us. Yet our best source for the future of Asheville Country Day is *you*. We need to hear how you perceive our school, how you feel we can best chart our course, how you think we can best achieve our goals. It is *you* we salute in this Jubilee Year—you who have helped to make the first fifty years of this uncommon school a shining reality."

In the spring of the Courtyard School's 50th year, Jim Rumrill sits in his office, writing a difficult letter, his head bowed over his desk as twilight darkens down to night. In this 50th year a Gallup Poll finds drug abuse to be the major problem confronting American Schools. Some seek to avoid the pain of confrontation, but Jim Rumrill cannot. He has shared with his students a vision of an eagle soaring over the canyons of life. He faces things squarely and head-on.

"It happens every spring," he begins his letter to the entire school family. "You hope that it won't. You pray that it won't. You try to safeguard against it. But it seems to be inevitable. And suddenly it hits—usually in the strangest ways: the adolescent 'crazies.' It cuts across all types and kinds of kids. Those whom you think are most susceptible are. The 'stars' of the class are caught up by it—and all those in between. There are curious twists in the course of such events. And at times there are some exciting pay-offs, despite the highly emotional crisis . . ." which Jim Rumrill then carefully explains: this spring on the Washington trip, a ninth grader with a small metal pipe and a packet of marijuana "much to the shock of the faculty" set off the bells and lights of a metal detecting device at the Capitol. The student was shipped back to Asheville that afternoon.

Jim Rumrill lays down his pen. He remembers waiting in the driveway. "Mr. Rumrill is here," says one of the returning students at dawn as the bus pulls up to the school. "Oh, no," says another. The students are ushered into a classroom.

"I would like each of you to write for me on three points," says the headmaster: "first, your knowledge of what went on during this trip; second, the extent of your involvement in the problem; and third, of how you think this problem should be handled. You may sign your paper or you may submit it anonymously."

A silence falls over the room. Weary heads bend over the blank white sheets of paper. A student begins to write. Then another and another. As the students finish, one by one they hand their papers to the headmaster. And he senses (rather than observes) beyond the constraint and pain in the room, the fusion of the class. He thinks to himself, "Ah, a light in the darkness. The cliques are vanishing. It took a crisis to do it but the walls are tumbling down. They are looking at each other and suddenly, they realize that they really care."

With the help of the entire school family, Jim Rumrill begins a thorough investigation of the incident. "We appealed to the freshmen to get everything out into the open," continues the headmaster in his letter, and they "came forward with the full information even though they knew they were liable to be removed from their school. The Honor Code was working at ACDS! . . . Basically we were concerned with a group of fine young people who had made a dreadful mistake. . . . In the end we unanimously endorsed the concept of allowing most of the boys to remain at the school, but under an extremely severe disciplinary program.

"How can we assist our children to survive peer pressure—the most insidious pressure of all? How can we encourage them to stand for their beliefs, to speak out, even though they may risk popularity and acceptance? What kind of messages are we sending our children by what we do or say at home? . . . We need to be aware of where they are and what they are doing. And we need to know what they are packing in their suitcases.

"The educational process about substance abuse must be ongoing. We can assume nothing about any student, any year, regardless of how much preventive education we may do at home or at school. But we **must** *keep doing it and we must strengthen our efforts." Characteristically, Jim Rumrill ends his letter by thinking on his knees:*

The Living Bell, April 1986

Jubilee Year Patrons

Dr. & Mrs. Carter S. Bagley
Dr. & Mrs. D. Carl Biggers
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas C. Bolton
Mr. & Mrs. Eugene M. Carr, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. George H.V. Cecil
Mr. & Mrs. William A.V. Cecil
Mr. & Mrs. Gran P. Childress
Dr. & Mrs. Charles E. Cummings
Dr. & Mrs. Philip C. Davis
Dr. & Mrs. Robert H. Dowdeswell
Mr. & Mrs. William J. Farmer
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Mr. & Mrs. Alex Kosma
Mr. & Mrs. Brian F.D. Lavelle
Mr. & Mrs. Charles W. Morgan
Mr. & Mrs. Charles E. Nesbitt
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Mr. & Mrs. Charles D. Owen, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. George W. Pickering II
Mrs. Cecil A. Pless, Jr.
Dr. & Mrs. John H. Russell
Mr. & Mrs. David C. Swann
Mr. & Mrs. James W. Turner

"God, our Father . . . help our children to take failure, not as a measure of their worth, but as a chance for a new start. Amen."

The light of a lamppost is burning at the edge of the courtyard as Jim Rumrill leaves the school. It draws his long-stretching shadow in front of him—tall and straight.

* * * * *

Down the slope and across the field come the teachers and the students to make a living bell in honor of the school's Jubilee. Following the white string, they mold themselves into its concave sides, its curved top and rounded handle. Of those smiling upward for the picture, only six remain from the days of Marshall Abell: Jackie (Robinson) Gouge, keeper of records and college transcripts, standing at the top of the bell, the light glancing in the sheen of her dark hair, surrounded by her seniors; Sonna, part of its handle, smiling her bright smile, who has created the bell from her years of loving service to the school; Senora Griffin, at the side, who at the end of this year entrusts her sacred pilgrimage to her successor, Leslie Enloe; Bob Henson; Wallace; and Ginny with her children ringing the teardrop clapper, who alone links the Courtyard School to the Brickschool on Merrimon Avenue. This **is** *the Past: present here, and now, in the Future. Cast of the teachers and the students of the present like a clear note rising, the living bell is ringing out of the Past, into the Present, down the Future sun-bright days.*

* * * * *

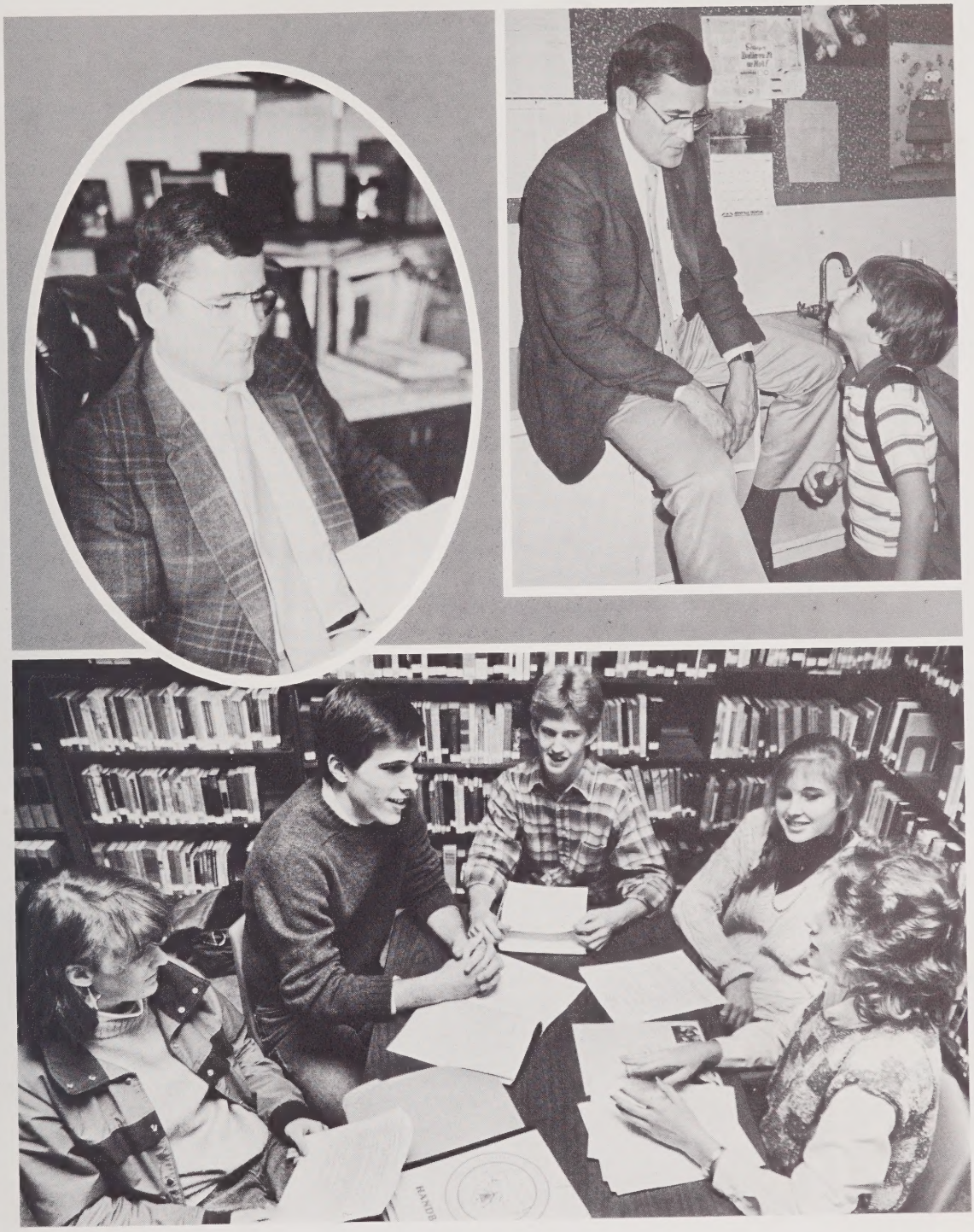
Do You Remember: the school winning UNCA's High I.Q. Bowl; Irene Slaughter's friendly "schoolbus"; "Everything old is new again": the return of the split rail fence; volunteer parents turning the Fifth Grade room into a showcase; Missy Davis: A.F.S. ambassador to Japan; the lower school "Top Issue" assemblies spotlighting citizenship; Quico Pinto describing life in America: "It is a very comfortable and easy life"; the quickening of September and the fellowship of the Fall Jamborees; sitting at the controls in a computer-cockpit flying from New York to Los Angeles or in the newsroom of a great city making up the evening edition or warping into the system of Jondd on the star ship **Sun Dog***; the puppets Bookum and Shadrika's lectures on drug abuse; Shawn Woodard making the winning points in the Asheville School game; the magic spell of storyteller Floating Eagle Feather; the warmth of Sonna's greeting on a wintry December's eve as alumni enjoy a moment's pause from their worldly "to and fro's" for a brief holiday reunion with friends; Victoria Maddux's* **Christmas Present***; Andrew Edney as Santa Claus and the smiling faces of the visiting children on a bleak December Day when the courtyard bell is dusted with snow . . . .*

Remember the student pilgrimage with Dolly Mullen, the school's first black teacher, to Joyce Kilmer's trees; the laughter of Maura and her students sitting by the bell; the Senior Prom; the Blue Grass music at the Spring Fling and a half-moon rising over Lake Julian; thirty-one Seniors in their blue or white robes sitting tall and proud along the rim of the courtyard; Betty and Kent Williamson, the parents of Caroline (granddaughter of Mrs. Burnham S. Colburn, who served the Learning House on Victoria Road and the Brickschool on Merrimon), now in this sunny courtyard proudly receiving the "Halleluia Award" for seeing their daughter through thirteen years at Asheville Country Day; and at a distance apart, in front of the high school doors with his blue cap slanted over his eyes, Wallace standing there watching . . . watching it all happen.

. . . Above the courtyard bell, a star is shining. It is June of the 50th year. The leaves of the poplar tree are stirring in the wind—within the tree the seed to measure ten men's lives at least. This tree is young. It has yet to measure a single life. A man cannot live ten centuries. His bones would sag and bend and crack under the singing wisdom of the weight of days. But a tree can—yet its wisdom is mute. Only its leaves are stirring in the wind. And a school can—passing its singing wisdom from generation to generation under the spreading poplar tree until to measure its girth, it takes nine singing children stretching hand to hand embracing the rough circle of its bark—listening to the stirring leaves in June. "I cannot look at everything hard enough": White star, bronze bell, golden tree. It goes so fast in June when the leaves are trembling on the trees. Let us look at one another **now.** *Let us listen to the singing wisdom here in the Courtyard School under the spreading poplar tree. This is a dream to cling to. This is a dream to cross an abyss. This* **is** *the Future.*

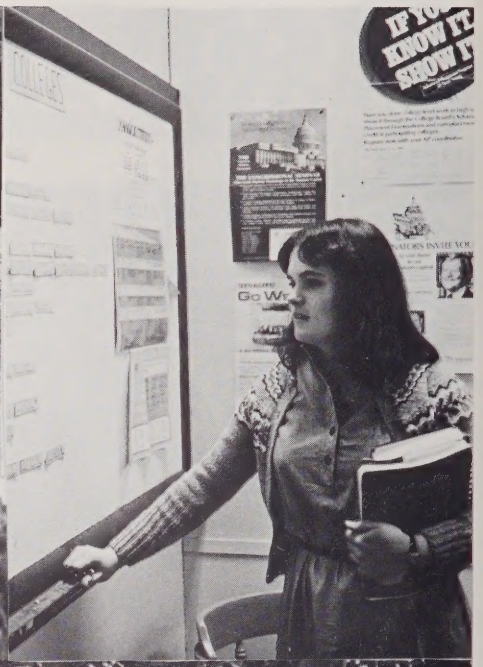
Fifth Decade, left to right

1. Dr. Howard White, Assistant Headmaster, 1983-85; Erich Cluxton • 2. Erich Cluxton, Headmaster, 1979-83 • 3. Accreditation Steering Committee, 1982: (front) Peggy McLeod; Judith Talley; Penny Morell; (back) Richard Pandich; Robert Pasco; Bob Henson; Erich Cluxton, Headmaster



Fifth Decade, left to right

1. Jim Rumrill, Headmaster, 1983- • 2. Jim Rumrill with John Youngblood • 3. Student Life Committee, 1986: Amy Phillips, Mitchell Hatchett, Mike Johnson, Julie Price, Patty Drury



Fifth Decade, this page, left to right

1. Pam Dicksen and Herb Lape • 2. Morgan Davies on the Lower School Playground • 3. Diana Owen • 4. Ben Abell • 5. Fran Adams • 6. Rob Pasco and Varsity Soccer players • 7. Frank Harvey clears the "electric fence" • 8. Student Council meeting • 9. Jager and Wallace: the breakfast run • 10. "Easy on the ham" • 11. Wallace, Jager, and Erich

Fifth Decade, facing page

1. Betsy Bolton, Chairman of Home and School, 1986-87 • 2. Deborah Levine • 3. Bill Morgan • 4. Jackie (Robinson) Gouge • 5. Khiari Mullen • 6. Don Scarborough and his soccer players • 7. Staff of the "Silhouette" • 8. Class of 1979 • 9. Joyce and Stephanie Cole • 10. Pam Delventhal, Second Grade • 11. Betsy Gilbert and the field hockey team • 12. Archeology Class: Front row: Kathy Bonner, Susan Harris, Kimmy Adams, David Jones; Back row: Joe Hamilton, Mary Alice Beard, Page Pless, Jay Bonner, Scott Keller, Tena Smith • 13. The goblin parade assembling • 14. Susanne Pandich, Helen Moore, Dini Cecil • 15. Tolkien scene at Grove Park: Front: Rene Slosman, Priestley Cummings, Meg Wood, Anne Winner, Jill Bayer, Janie Russell; Back: Richard Morrell, Tim Naomi, Andrew Stevenson, Kristen Morrell, Chipper Lunsford, Michael Stevenson, Marvin Slosman, Sam Stevenson, Tom Naomi • 16. Andrew Edney as Santa Claus

ARCHIE Logical
and the
GINA LYE ZASHUNS

Fifth Decade, this page, left to right

1. Ernie Lasher, Director of Athletics • 2. Debbie Ewald, Admissions Director • 3. Ginny Hamilton, Kindergarten • 4. Jackie (Robinson) Gouge, High School Registrar • 5. Dave Fortney, Science • 6. David Timms and his daughter, Elizabeth, entering the Pre-First • 7. Christopher Kuhl, Math • 8. Linda Johnsen, French • 9. Sonna Reinheimer, Director of Alumni and Development • 10. Ann Brosnan, Former Trustee; parent and Lunchroom Supervisor • 11. Charles Ledford, "Silhouette" Photographer, '81 • 12. Ginny Hamilton, Marshall Abell, Barbara Rumrill

Fifth Decade, facing page

1. Dolly Mullen, history • 2. Jim Rumrill with Bookum and Shadrika 3. Doris Hensley • 4. Leslie Enloe, Spanish • 5. Senora Jeanne Griffin, Spanish • 6. Mary Allbach, "Mrs. A," librarian • 7. Victoria Maddux, Third Grade • 8. John McMichael's, Assistant Headmaster • 9. Joanne Bartsch, Biology (right) and students • 10. Diane Russell, Helen Reed, Bob Henson, Martha Nelle Lovette • 11. Elizabeth Gosnell, Math • 12. Lynn Moser, Language Therapist • 13. Richard Pandich, History • 14. Wallace Dawkins, Maintenance Supervisor • 15. Jim Rumrill's "Boardwalk"

WE
DOTIS
TITUSVILLE
100 Midget Lights
100 Midget Lights
100 Midget Lights

School Prayer

O God, our Heavenly Father, grant to our school thy holy protection throughout this day. Help us to be honest and faithful and to be loyal friends to all about us. Give us a cheerful spirit in our work and in our play. Help us so to perform our daily tasks that we may go forth from our school in the light of thy love, living always as thy true children. This we ask in the name of our Lord and Savior. Amen.

School Hymn

He who is noble, kind in thought and action,
Faithful to duty, pure, and single-hearted,
Needs not a weapon, needs not man to guard him,
Virtue defends him.

What though he wander o'er the burning desert?
What though he journey o'er unfriendly mountain?
Sleeping or waking, though by death surrounded,
Virtue defends him.

School Song

In Asheville it's Country Day
We're friendly and we are gay.
Fight, fight, fight for all that's right
We are workers: work and play with all our might,
O Country Day, we're all for you,
You'll find us true blue.
While the team is scoring,
Keep on roaring,
It's Asheville Country Day for you.

A COMPLETE LISTING OF ASHEVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL GRADUATES 1961 - 1986

Class of 1961

William Thomas McGuffin
Ralph Franklin Monaghan, Jr.
Anne Berkley Norburn
Lillian Elizabeth Norburn
Sondra Skoglund
Janice Cairn Wicker

Class of 1962

C. Robert Bell, Jr.
John Richard Pfaff
Richard Washburn
Frederieke Georgianna Wesenhagen
Elizabeth Gordon Wood
Elizabeth MacPherran Worchester

Class of 1963

Ellen Grace McDade
Julianna Skoglund
James Arthur Thorndike, Jr.
Rowena Campbell Tillinghast

Class of 1964

Gene Murray Hamilton
Mary Ashley Norburn
Linda Kathleen Rathbun
Roger Geoffrey Thompson
Harriett Marcy Tillinghast
Allison Street Ward
Jurgen Frederik Wesenhagen
Michael Jackson Woodard

Class of 1965

Cheryl Deloros Anders
William Seward Farrell, Jr.
Bruce Johnston Franz, Jr.
Samuel Robinson Freeman
Sandra Louise Fullerton
Linda Kaye Long
William George McConnel
William Wilkerson Monaghan
Laurel Ellen Rathbun
Brenda Lee Slagle
Maria Louise Stephens
Robert Allen Tuller

Class of 1966

Peterson Nelson Aldridge
Richard Brownell Armstrong
Gregory Armitage Barber
Beth Teresa Burns
Robert Franklin Colwell
Kenneth Cary Cosgrove
Thomas Madison Farrell
Barbara Joan Franz
Thomas Stuart Gaston
Drew Gennett
Margaret Elisabeth Huffstickler
Lennie Lou Hughes
Nancy Edith Jennings
David Scott King
Ronald Peter Reed
Nancy Orne Thorndike
William Jackson Turbyfill, Jr.
Robert Bruce VanBlarcom
Cheryl Lynn VanBlaricom
Estelle Ann Wolf

Class of 1967

Elizabeth Michele Anders
Dean Arthur Beck
Candace Joy Bunker
Carolyn Joanne Cohn
Jay Lancaster Havice
Andrea Lois Haynes
Edyth Patricia Johnston
Melissa Anne Link
Larry Keith Miller
Manford Harding Saunders, Jr.
Michael Knudson Stenstrom
John Curtis Youngblood, Jr.

Class of 1968

Bruce Griffey Armstrong
Mary Louise Barber
David Benjamin Benninga
John Davidson Cheesborough
Larry Ray Formato
Margaret Glenda Harris
Nancy Carr Hendricks
Sarah Helen Keever
William Mattison Lynch
Helen Harton McConnell
Laurence Evan McDade
Florence Elizabeth Mallett
Sherry Lee Packer
Grace Rachael Vaughn Polansky
Priscilla Anne Robinson
David Ford Score
Kathryn Louise Smith
James Swain Turbyfill
Mary Elizabeth VanBlarcom

Class of 1969

Newton Duke Angier, Jr.
Victoria Tarver Bartels
Murray Bruce Chidester
Gloria Chappell Crum
Paul Newman Dickerson
Donald Randolph Ferrell
Anne Elisabeth Franz
Lynn Marion Fruechtenicht
Stuart Fil Greenberg
Ann Catherine Hinds
Don Raymond Linn
Sarah Donaldson Mallett
Michael David Moser
Herbert Oeking
Myron Christopher Michael Peterson, Jr.
Donald Edward Roberson
Kathryn Elizabeth Rogers
Harold Cameron Saltz
John Errol VanBlaricom
Marsha Leigh Woodard
Kenneth Ayers Wright

Class of 1970

Christopher Maitland Abell
Alex Thomas Alexander
John Howard Brooks
Raymond Bradley Farmer
Susan Dianne Fullerton
Francine Hope Greenberg
Carolyn Lisa Hamilton
J. Warren Harris
William Neil Kaghan
Christopher William Larsen
Howard Conrad Madden
Richard Carl Miller
Edith Plimpton
Frederick Barber Poston
Andrew Douglas Reed
Frank Hunter Roach
Alan Lamar Stinnett
Daniel Westinghouse
David Barringer Wright

Class of 1971

Timothy Wakeman Abell
Gary Wayne Britton
Elizabeth Anne Chidester
Mary Kathleen Childress
Cleve Newton DeVault
Wendy Lee Grimm
Marcus Vincent Henry
Melanie Elizabeth Link
Thomas Plummer Lynch
Janice Plimpton
George Russell Swift, III
Howard Ayers Wright
Beverly Diane Youngblood

Class of 1972

James Gudger Baker, Jr.
Rexann Ballard
Alex Wilson Barnett
Laurence William Carstensen, Jr.
Charlotte Kathryn Chakales
John Frederick Crowe
Mark Kennedy Dickerson
Raymond Frank Dunton
Larry Dean Gahagan
Peter Holm Gillis
Suzanne Hamilton Griffin
William Edward Highsmith, Jr.
William Carson Honeycutt
Susan Lee Howland
Kirk Monroe Johnson
Robert Seidel Kaghan
Anna Scott Keever
Mitchell Lerner
Margaret Ann Lowe
Phyllis Lee Macatee
Brenda Gay Madden
David Saltonstall Mallett, Jr.
Deborah Anne Moser
David Scott Olofson
Gibson David Packer
Carol Jean Prentice
George Daniel Psoinos
Marsha Lee Sawyer
Katherine Ford Smart
Dorothy Ann Wakefield

Stephen Thomas Wiggins, Jr.
Barbara Anne Woodard
Mary Patricia Wutschel

Class of 1973

James Pickens Adams
Dennis William Brosnan, IV
George Andrew Brown, III
Agnes Revenel Burhoe
David Preston Capps
James Marsh Cunningham
Joseph Lapsley Foreman
Susan Cornelia Franz
Katherine Justice Grimsley
Jo Lynn Hamilton
Michael Jess Heaton
John Robinson Hoskins
Mary Margaret Hughes
John Huntington Mallett
Albert Heyward Smith
Thomas Malcolm VanBlaricom
Trent Richard VanBlaricom
Mary Kathryn Wakefield
Wilbur Bryan Ward
Robert Lee Wray

Class of 1974

Rebecca Abell
Marilyn Kaye Brown
Susan Vannevar Bullard
Susan Greye Childress
George Lewis Chumbley, III
Pamela M. Dave
Morris David Finkle, Jr.
Jeanne Elise Fort
Bruce Madison Harris, Jr.
Ann Elizabeth Hipps
Janet Elizabeth Howland
Anne Elizabeth Hughes
Mary Eleanor Jones
Stephen Wallace Kdan
Tinsley Jane Lowe
Patrick Burgess Ochsenreiter
Shawn Patrick O'Connor
William Armistead Price
Vincent Ronald Ross, Jr.
Dennis Michael Sadelson
Leslie McCall Saunders
Charles David Skelton
Lorraine Claudia Smith
William Brittain Smith
Peter John Strachota, Jr..
Daniel Phillip Youngblood

Class of 1975

Robert Ernest Anders
Roland Tyler Baker
Deborah Anne Bocook
Walter Hawkins Brosnan
Eugene Morrison Carr, III
Andrew Brooks Carstensen
Diana Ryan Cecil
Erwin Farel Cook
Mary Phyllis Franz
William Calhoun Frue, III
Joan Alexander Griffin
Robert Justice Grimsley, Jr.
Claude Christian Hamilton
Daniel Lee Keever
Julie Anne Kettleson
Mary Kathryn Mascari
Frances Woodard McLean
Debra Anne Parker
Laura Penn Pless
Steven Kelly Reid
Camille Evans Roberts
Benjamin Edward Russell
Michael Edward Saenger
Anne Borrodaile Savory
Harry Joseph Thomas, Jr.
Robert Stewart Vaughn
Julia Ann White

Class of 1976

Kim Leigh Adams
Mary Alice Beard
Jack W. Bonner, IV
Samuel Bunsu
William Peter Conroy
Tanya Lee Easom
Mary Charles Griffin
Louise Gay Grimsley
Kathy Lynn Hoyle
David Ernest Jones
Ann Elizabeth Mynatt
Page Adair Pless
William MacKnight Pomeroy
Sharon Becky Strachota

Class of 1977

Jane Elizabeth Bartsch
Katherine Lynn Bonner
Byron Talmage Bryson
Mark Bradley Childress
Marjorie Yeager Cole
Jamie Marie Englund
Gretchen Louise Firnschild
Joseph Franklin Hamilton, III
Johnnie Ramseur Hemphill, Jr.
Scott Green Keller
Robert Matthew Martin
Pamela Doane Morrell
Mary Margaret Prescott
Susan Preas Russell
Stephen Lewis Schneider
Tena Marca Smith
Alisa Kay Sprouse
Laura Ann Webb

Class of 1978

Benjamin Holt Abell
Paula Marie Brooks
Marian Virginia Cheesborough
Diane Dave
Eleanor Kathryn Guthrie
Mark Farris Johnson
Elizabeth Bates Kennedy
Sharon Kay Kinser
David Graham Lerner
David Hunter Marshall
Constance Rebecca McGee
Carol Ann Miles
Thomas Naomi, III
Frederick Nash Ogden, III
Elizabeth Grace Pless
Gina Melissa Romeo
Jeffrey Shawn Romeo
Nathaniel Stewart Saltonstall

Class of 1979

Shelley Bliss Bonner
Ann Marie Buff
Tara Kathleen Coughlin
Jeanne Priestley Cummings
Lisabeth Jane Evans
Larry Stephen Farmer
Robert Iain Fell Fitch
Darryl Jay Hart
Mark Eugene Helms
Ellen Jane Hildebrand
Mary Pope Maybank Hutson
Alan Wood Jackson
Sean Andrew Iredell Johnson
Lewis Lunsford, III
Lucy Lauchlin McCullough
Richard Warnock Morrell
David Wayne Morrissey
Michael Cotter Patton
John Howard Ray
Jane Ellen Russell
Eileen Frances Sheehan
Irene Michal Slosman
Elizabeth Stacy Smith
Evelyn Annette Sugg
Katharine Maria Wahl
Anne Renee Winner
Margaret Teresa Wood

Class of 1980

Benjamin Willis Baldwin
Jill Allison Bayer
Grady Gideon Byrd, III
Laura Lee Carpenter
Catherine Emily Churchill Carr
Barbara Annette Cooke
Martha Shaffner Guthrie
Katherine Charlotte Haemmel
Joseph Brian Hendricks
Abigail Mildred Holman
Kamran Koochek
Diana Ralston Owen
Amy Gordon Pless
Kristen W. Reynolds
Robert Keith Wilson
Martha Caroline Wright
Dianne Bernice Youngblood

Class of 1981

Modjgan Bakhit
Philip Todd Everhardt
Phillip Taylor Harris
Brian Paul Kriek
Barry Alan Lee
Deborah Levine
Mary Esther McCullagh
William Watson Morgan, III
Michael McDougal Morris
Marilyn Margaret Powell
John Joseph Sherman, III
Richard Carlton Slosman
Freda Kathleen VanBlaricom
Diane Wilson
Lawrence Herman Winner
Marsha Ann Youngblood

Class of 1982

Madeline Kay Banks
Pamela Christine Carpenter

Eleanor VanRensellaer Cornell
Elizabeth Ann Frady
Pamela Michelle Harris
Jocelyn Dana Lerner
Deborah Jeanne Seymour
Marvin Lloyd Slosman
Alice Ann Smith
Anne Marie Thomson
Eleanor Beth Wright

Class of 1983

David Michael Arbo
Kathleen Clair Boone
Patricia Ross Bowen
Kimberly Jean Daily
Andrew Michael Daughton
Dana Edward Erikson
Dolores Elaine Hendricks
Carter Patrick Lally
Edward Curtis Ledford
Steven Charles Moore
William Caperton Owen
Robert Eugene Reid
Jeffrey Bryan Slosman

Class of 1984

Lee Thomas Arevian
Tabatha Michelle Ashworth
John William Ferguson
Titus Daniel Glover, Jr.
Suzanne Gratton Heywood
Kurt Finlay Horner
Anna Lee Justus
Scott Randall Lally
Joseph Thomas Roswech
Paul August Shumbera
David Allan Singleton

Class of 1985

Jeffrey Latham Bowen
Kerri Parker Cheek
Hennen Dock Cummings
Ethan Gregory Dunn
Lyman Jackson Gregory, III
Thomas McDougall Israel, III
Bradford Charles Jenkins
Jessica Belknap Johnson
Cedric Warren Porter, III
Weldon Kent Williamson
Alexander Nuri Yong

Class of 1986

Kurt Christopher Bachmann
John Lewis Birkbeck Bentley, II
Rebecca Denise Boone
Andrew James Eicher Brunk
Jennifer Christine Carter
Jennifer Caryn Cole
Scarlett Elizabeth Croutcher
Patricia Lee Drury
Lisa Rebecca Duyck
John Wesley Floren
Amy Lynn Ford
Ashley Scott Gibson
Clayton Mark Gleaton
Alisa Carole Harris
Charles Mitchell Hatchett, III
Stephen Mosely Henry, Jr.
Judith Anne Janes
David Merrill Johnson
Jennifer Carole Lance
Anthony Jose Nicholas Lefeber
Pamela Mongiovi
Robert Anthony Moran, Jr.
Karen Elizabeth Phillips
Rui Tiago Figueiredo Mota Pinto
Melissa Ann Ramsey
Kathryn Loy Sanchagrin
Yancey Lee Sanchagrin
David Arthur Stevens
Susan Renee Talbot
Holli Rene Towe
Caroline Colburn Williamson

The Class of 1977

FACULTY AND STAFF OF ASHEVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL 1936-86

Marshall M. Abell
Fran Adams
Mary Allbach
Lena Allen
Ann Asbell
David Atkisson
Peter Bachmann
Mozella Bailey
Linda (Lamson) Barefoot
Amy Barnard
Helen C. Barnett
Robert L. Barrus
Joanne (Gentry) Bartsch
Pam (Delventhal) Bash
Stephen Bash
Jane Raoul Bingham
Janet Blackshear
Paul Blevins
Peggy Boring
Jeff Bowen
Nancy Bowen
Oberta (Sam) Brandon
Ann Brosnan
Connie Bruce
Margaret Bryant
Margery Burrowes
Grace Butler
Karen Campbell
Verna Campbell
Bruce Capps
Inez Carter
Mary Carter
James Cassara
Al Cates
Todd Cecchini
Dini Cecil
June Chay
Sharon Clark
Amy Clarke
Mike Clarke
Jean Clegg
Albert W. Clemens
Erich Cluxton
Anne Coleman
Mary Jane Coleman
Ann Fuller Coxe
Betty Cromwell
Dorothy Cutler
Peggy Daniels
Grace H. Darsie
Wallace Dawkins
Ella DeCoster
Diana Detjen
Mildred Dicken
Pam Dickson
Henry Dill
June Doe
Dottie Drooz
Dean Ecklund
Andrew Edney
Leslie Enloe
Margaret Eskridge
Twanet Evans
Deborah Ewald
Cissie Folckemer
Sarah Folger
Floyd Forbes
David Fortney
George Fox
"Pete" Furey
William Gettys
Betsy Gilbert
Robert Gillespie
Elizabeth Gosnell
Jackie (Robinson) Gouge
Rebecca Greene
Jeanne Griffin
Junius Grimes
Ginsey Gurney
Mrs. Hall
Gene Hamilton
James L. Hamilton
Virginia Lee Hamilton
Angela (Hines) Hanchey
Gwen Hancock
Louise Hanks
Betty Hanlon
Ralph Harper
Frances Harris
Frank Harvey
Margaret C. Harvey
Hubert A. Haseltine
Margaret Hay
Martha Hayes
Donald Heatherly
Doris Osborne Hensley
Sarah Hensley
Diane Henson
Robert Henson
Pat Herbert
Robert H. Herbert
Betsy Hester
Edith Holmes
Lynn Houser
Sara Howard
Colin Hudson
Mary Peck Huntley
Nanine Iddings
Oriel Jarrett
Dot Jenkins
Linda Johnsen
Ellen Johnson
Patricia Johnson
The Rev. Charles Johnson
Douglas L. Jones
Selma Bowditch Jones
Tina Jones
Martine Jourdain
Densey Juvonen
Louisa (Kaltreider) Kahn
Peggy Keetch
Patsy Keever
Pam Kelly
Sean Kelly
Paula Kendrick
Anne Patton Kerr
Joyce Kestler
Bernice Killiam
Alice Campbell King
Lynn Kitts
Shirley Knighton
Lucille Knoke
Chris Kuhl
Col. Lester Lampert
Elizabeth Lanier
Herb Lape
Ernie Lasher
Barbara Lassiter
Roy Lathrop
Sara Lavelle
Freda Widder Ledford
Charlotte Lewis
Joyce (Cole) Lichtenfels
Mrs. Charles Lindsley
Pat Lipsey
Mrs. C.A. Lloyd
Lola Logan
Steve Longenecker
Frances Lord
Martha Nelle Lovette
Joy Jones MacFadyen
Tom Maddocks
Victoria Maddux
Eleanor Mardis
Harry Maroni
Dorie Martin
Margaret Mashburn
M.H. Mattison
Calvin McAfee
Marie Eileen McCabe
Winifred Quinn McCabe
Gail McCarthy
Beebe McClain
Nelljean McConeghey
Judy McCormick
Effie McCurry
James C. McDonald
Ola English McDuffie
Rhonda "Readak" McIntire
Emily Davis McLean
Peggy McLeod
John McMichaels
Susan McMichaels
Dr. Harold Miller
Barbara Mills
Bert Monaghan
Catherine McQueen Moore
Helen Moore
Nelle Moore
Penelope Morrell
Lynn Moser
Dolly Mullen
Mac Nelson
Dorothy Newman
Emmy Lou Norfleet
Martha Varnon Northup
Elizabeth Nothstein
Miss Ogden
Marjorie Ostborg
Laura Ostrom
Marcelle Pachnowski
Richard Pandich
Joanne Pankow
Jerry Parrish
Rob Pasco
Charles "Cap" Peters
Kathie Phillips
Ann Porter
Parthenia Porter
Mary Prescott
Virginia Proctor
Celeste Rast
Helen Reed
Gladys W. Rees
Jeanne Reid
John Reinheimer
Sonna (Thomson) Reinheimer
Eric Ringler
John Ripton
Jonathan Rivers
Liz Roberts
Marshall Roberts
Susan Roberts
Linda Robinson
William Roland
James K. Rumrill
Diane Russell
Richard Rustay
Betsy Saltonstall
Nathaniel Saltonstall

Lynda Sarti
Leland Sawyer
Lois Sawyer
Karen Sayewich
Don Scarborough
Eleanor Schaffle
Susan Schroeder
David Sellers
Ruth Sevier
Betsy Schapira
Patsy Sherman
Byrl Shontz
Raymond Sikes
Celeste Skeen
Irene Slaughter
Garnet Sloane
Annelle Smith
Kathy (Kobel) Smith
Vivien Spurgeon
Marian (Ramsey) Steele
Kitty Stencil
Cornelia Wilmans Stephens
Eleanor Waddell Stephens
Mike Stevenson
Susan Stevenson
William H. Stewart
Dorothea Stillman
Ron Strom
Maura Supinski
Mary Irene Susong
Lindsay Symmes
Jo Tadlock
Judith Talley
Simone Tanner
Mildred Taylor
David Timms
Sara Timms
Mary Leta Tolleson
Bobbi Tousey
Myrtle Traywick
Marjorie K. Trowbridge
Darlene Turner
Frances Tutwieler
Edith Vail
Robin Van Alstyne
Dorothy Van Doren
Edith Wakefield
Helene Moorefield Walker
Julie Walsh
Mary Lispenard Ward
Anne Warner
Ruthanne Webb
Dr. Howard "Howdy" White
Margaret Williams
Mary Manley Williamson
Eleanor Wilson
Margie Wilson
Harriette Winner
Lutrelle Wishart
Charles Wolf
Raymond "Doc" Wood
Rachel Wood
Alida Woods
Ed Woods
Janie Worton
Johanna York
Anne Zirkle

These names have been compiled from existing records. Apologies are made for any omissions.

Principals/Headmasters 1936 - 1986:

1. Nell Moore 1936 - 1940
2. Dorothea Stillman 1940 - 1943
3. Mary Ward—Helene Walker 1943 - 1945
4. Helene Walker 1945 - 1947
5. Mary Manley Williamson 1947 - 1948
6. Arthur W. Clemens 1948 - 1949
7. Hubert A. Haseltine 1949 - 1953
8. Marshall Maitland Abell 1953 - 1974
9. Nathaniel Saltonstall 1974 - 1979
10. Erich Loflin Cluxton 1979 - 1983
11. James Keith Rumrill 1983 -

ASHEVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL BOARD

Joel B. Adams
Junius G. Adams, Jr.
Mrs. Robert B. Armstrong
Robert B. Armstrong
Dr. Carter S. Bagley
Dr. Arthur Bannerman
Mrs. William F. Barron
Perry Bartsch
Mrs. S. Westray Battle
Mrs. Carl Baumann
Mrs. T. Evans Baxter
Robert T. Bayer
Mrs. Norman Beecher
Charles R. Bell
Mrs. Tyson Betty
Mrs. D. Carl Biggers
S.A. Bingham, Jr.
Thomas C. Bolton
Mrs. Jack Bonner
G. Waring Boys
Douglas Brooks
Dr. William Brosnan
Mrs. D. William Brosnan III
D.W. Brosnan, Sr.
V. Jordan Brown
Mrs. Kermit Brown
J. Fuller Brown
Chester Brown, Jr.
Philip C. Brownell
William Buol
G. Grady Byrd
Dr. Max W. Carpenter
Mrs. Eugene M. Carr, Jr.
Eugene M. Carr, Jr.
George H.V. Cecil
Mrs. William A.V. Cecil
Gran P. Childress
James McClure Clarke
W.J. Cocke
Mrs. Burnham S. Colburn, Jr.
Mrs. James M. Coleman
Herbert Coman
David J. Conroy
Frank Coxe
Dr. Robert Crouch
Mrs. Charles E. Cummings
Dr. Mark A. Cunningham
Paul E. Davis
Dr. C. Grier Davis
Mrs. Philip C. Davis
E.N. Devault
Mrs. W.W. Dodge, Jr.
Mrs. Robert Dowdeswell
Mrs. Harrison Dunlop
Frank Dunn
Leslie E. Erikson
David Fall
Mrs. Francis Field
Dr. Frank C. Foster
A. Hampton Frady
Dr. Bruce Franz
Dr. Wm. T. Freeman
Robert A. Freeman III
W.C. Frue
O.L. Garner
Mrs. Andrew Gennett
Hugh Gentry
James H. Glenn
Mrs. J. Frazier Glenn, Jr.
Mrs. John H. Golden
Paul Goodman
Mrs. Robert Griffin
Dr. Robert A. Griffin
Richard E. Guthrie, Jr.
Gordon Hager
Ernest A. Hamill
David Harris
Donald B. Hensley
Mrs. Pinkney Herbert
Mrs. W.W. Hewitt
Dr. William E. Highsmith
Dr. Reuben Holden
Thomas J. Holmes
Mrs. Junius M. Horner
William D. Horner
Dr. John Hoskins
Mrs. Traynham Houston
Roderick M. Hudgins
Mrs. Wm. Beekman Huger
James Hughes
George E. Ivey
Mrs. Richard Jennings
Joseph P. Jennings, Jr.
Dr. Walter R. Johnson
Mrs. George Jones, Jr.
Harold P. Kelley
John M. Kledis
Alex Kosma
Alfred Kremer
Albert P. Kriek
Brian F.D. Lavelle
Harmon Lee
Dr. Paul Lerner
Charles Lingerfelt III
Don R. Linn
Mrs. Lewis Lunsford
L.J. Madden, Jr.
David Mallett
Mrs. George McCleary
Mrs. Vernon McCrary
Dr. Patricia McDuffie
Mrs. William. C. McGuffin
Dr. William C. McGuffin
Mrs. M.J. McKeel
C.S. Minnich, Jr.
Robert L. Montague
Mrs. William W. Morgan
L.A. Moritz
Mrs. Thomas Morrison
Dr. Roger Morrison
J. Albert Moss
Dr. Dwight B. Mullen
Dr. William A. Mynatt
Thomas Naomi
Thomas E. Nash, Jr.
Mrs. W.H. Neal
Wilson H. Neal
Mrs. John B. Neblett
Mrs. Charles E. Nesbitt
Dr. Russell Norburn
Dr. Fred Ogden
Mrs. C.D. Owen, Jr.
Charles D. Owen, Jr.
Charles D. Owen, Sr.
Loren D. Packer
Dr. Farrar Parker
T. Lockwood Perry
Dr. Hans E. Picard
George W. Pickering
Mrs. Cecil A. Pless, Jr.
Mrs. Thomas Polsky
Mrs. William Pomeroy
Ray Poston
Mrs. J.H. Priedeman
Walter Qualman
D. Hiden Ramsey
Dr. John Ransmier
Dr. Arthea Reed
Verne Rhoades
Mrs. Verne Rhoades
Robert A. Richie
Dr. Joe B. Roberson
Dr. Emmanuel Robinson
Mr. Paul A. Rockwell
Tom Rowland
Dr. Wm. Marler Russell
William S. Russell
Mrs. John H. Russell
Mortimer Ryon
Mrs. J.J. Schilthuis
Richard Schulman
Mrs. Richard Schulman
David Score
Mrs. Fred L. Seely, Jr.
George A. Shuford
Palmer L. Skoglund, Jr.
Cyril V. Smith
Lewis Smith
Bernard H. Smith
John W. Spicer
George Myers Stephens
Mrs. George Myers Stephens
Mrs. Irby Stephens
Philip Stull
Dr. C.C. Swann
Mrs. David C. Swann
Wm. F. Taylor
Luther Thigpen
James Thorndike
Mrs. Charles F. Tillinghast, Jr.
Charles F. Tillinghast, Jr.
Perry Tomlin
Dr. W.J. Turbyfill, Jr.
James W. Turner
Mrs. James W. Turner
John Tyrer
Rabbi Sidney Unger
F.C.A.A. van Berkel
Hood van den Arend
Dr. Silas Vaughn
The Rev. H. Alex Viola
Mrs. W. Ralph Walls
Robert H. Washburn
Jack W. Westall, Jr.
Sidney A. Wien
Weldon Williamson
Kent Williamson
Maurice Winger, Jr.
William Winkenwerder
Harry Winner
Mrs. Eugene Winner
Mrs. Dennnis Winner
Dr. M. Wayne Woodard
Mrs. Howard A. Wright
William Yancy
John C. Youngblood
Curtis Youngblood
The Rev. C.A. Zabriskie